

PLASTIC MAN

SEPTEMBER

No.31

In the dark wilds of Africa's jungle
The witch doctor Raka a weird
plot did bungle!
With ghoulish mask and
gorilla packs
He ran into PLASTIC MAN
and was stopped
in his tracks!





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PLASTIC MAN

WOODY!
GENTLEMEN!
FOR PETE'S
SAKE! STOP
IT! YOU DON'T
KNOW WHAT
YOU'RE DOING!

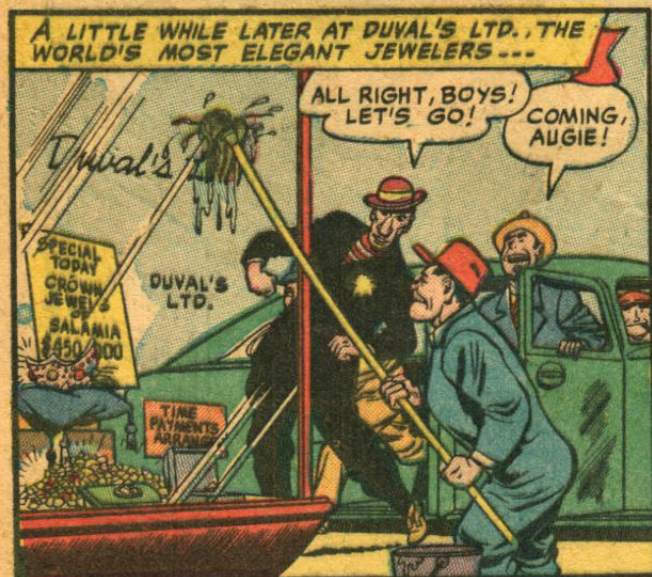
WELL, FOR...!
HOW DID YOU
TURN THE CROWD
AGAINST PLASTIC
MAN, GENERAL?

THAT'S A
MILITARY SECRET,
CHUM! ON TO THE
BANK VAULTS!
CHARGE!

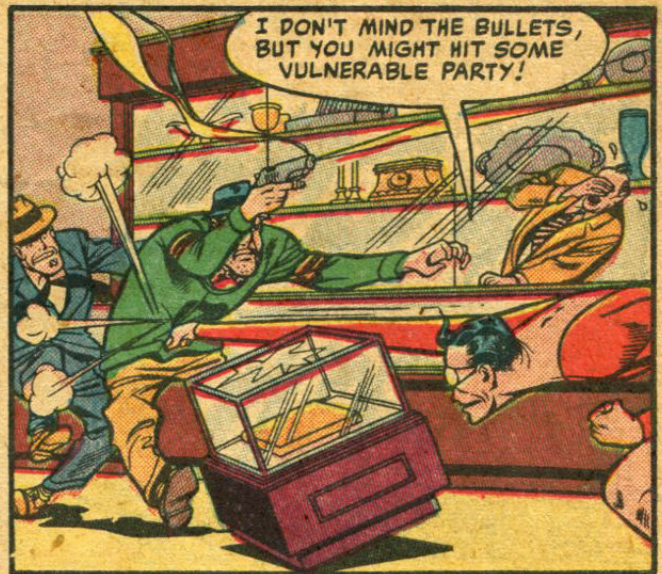
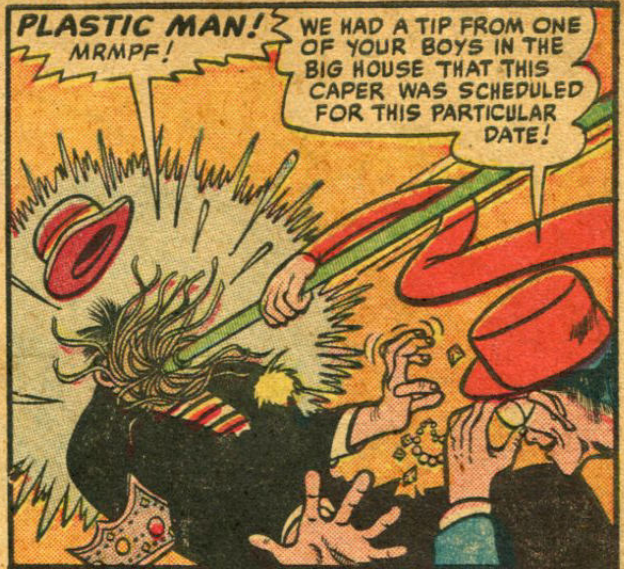
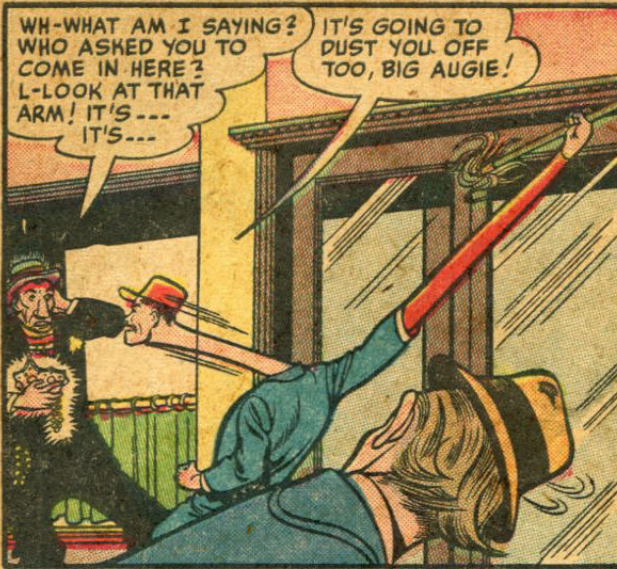


HIS NAME WAS **GENERAL DISORDER** AND THAT WAS EXACTLY WHAT HE CREATED WHEREVER HE WENT! IT WAS NOT THE FIRST TIME **PLASTIC MAN** HAD TANGLED WITH A CRIMINAL GENIUS BUT NEVER WITH ONE WHO BROUGHT THE TALENTS OF THE BATTLEFIELD TO THE DOMAIN OF THE UNDERWORLD!

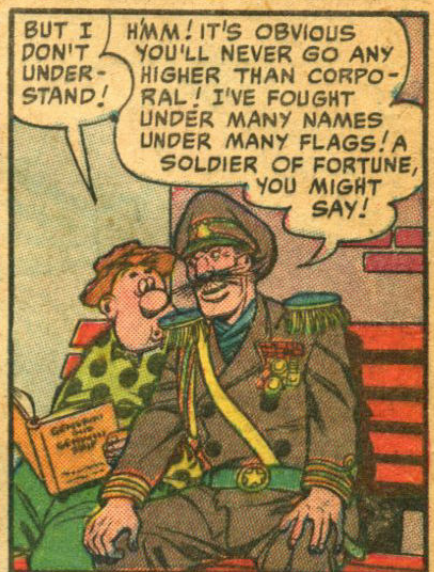
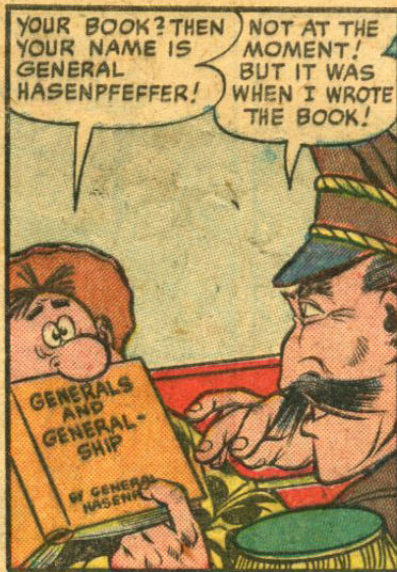
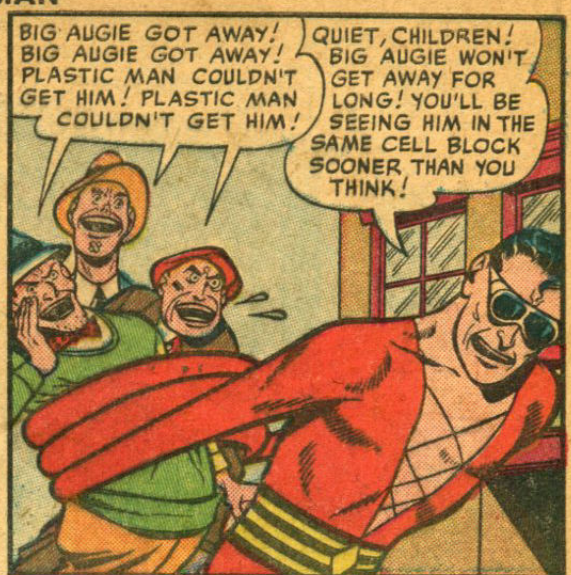
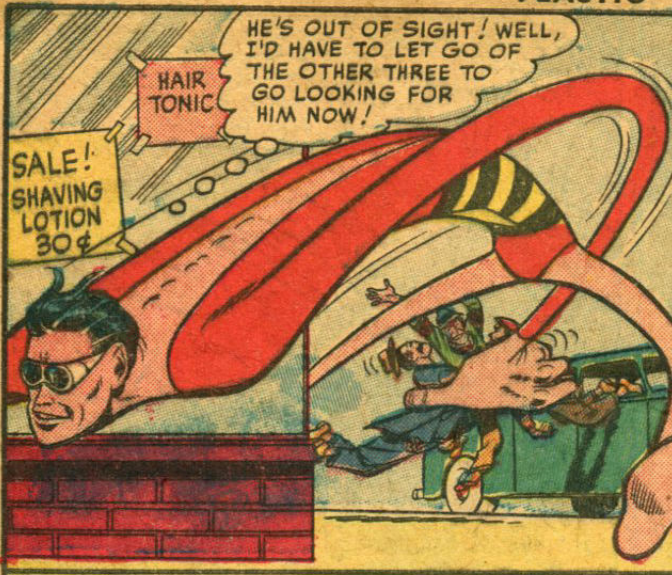
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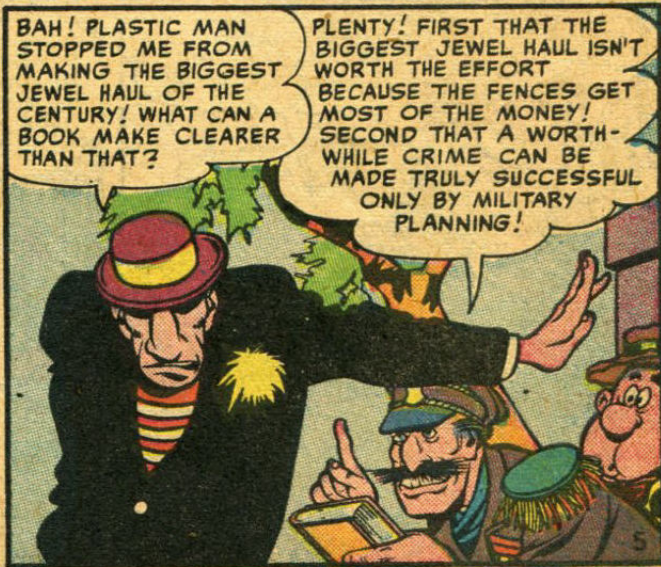
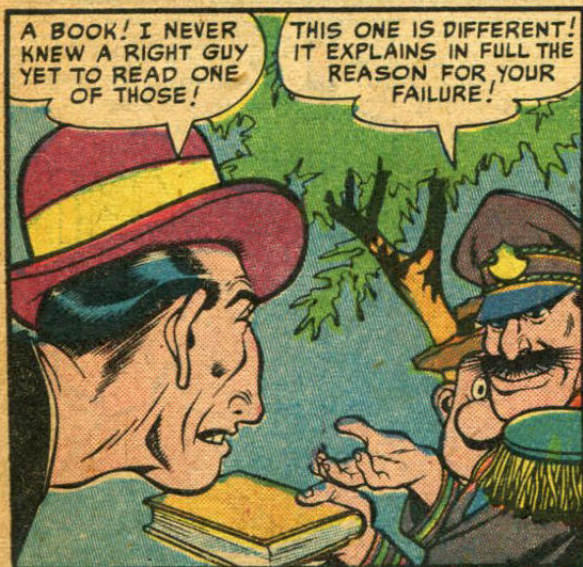
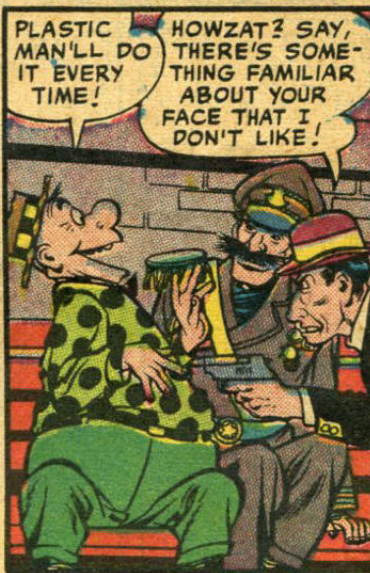
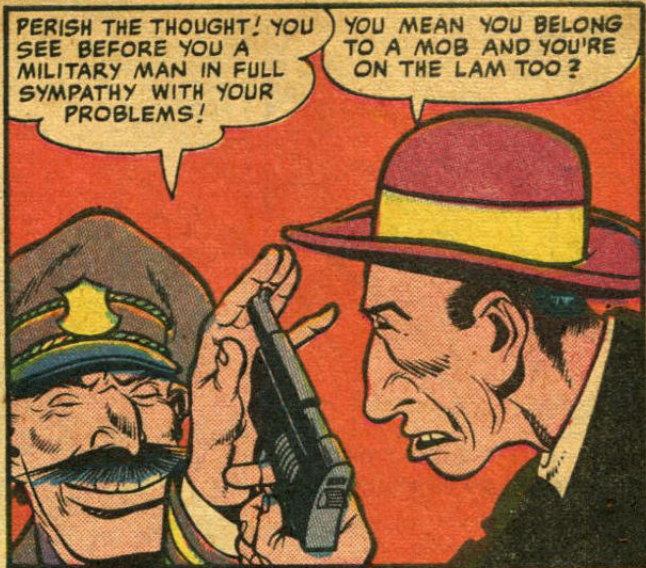
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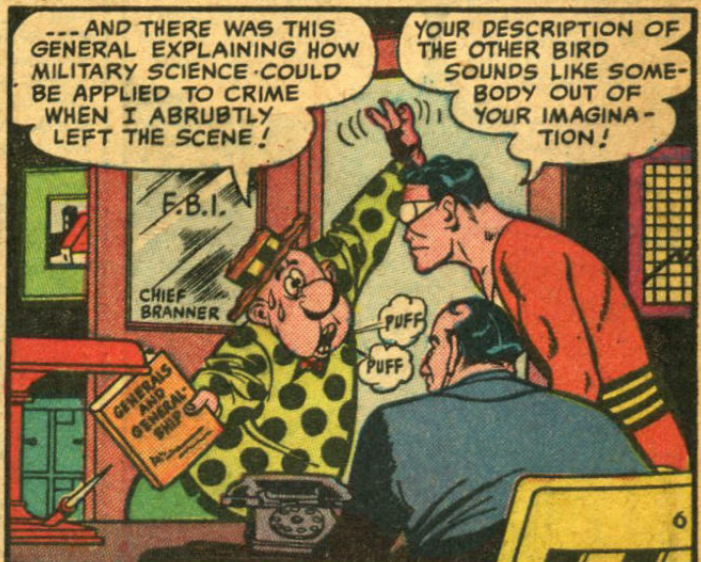
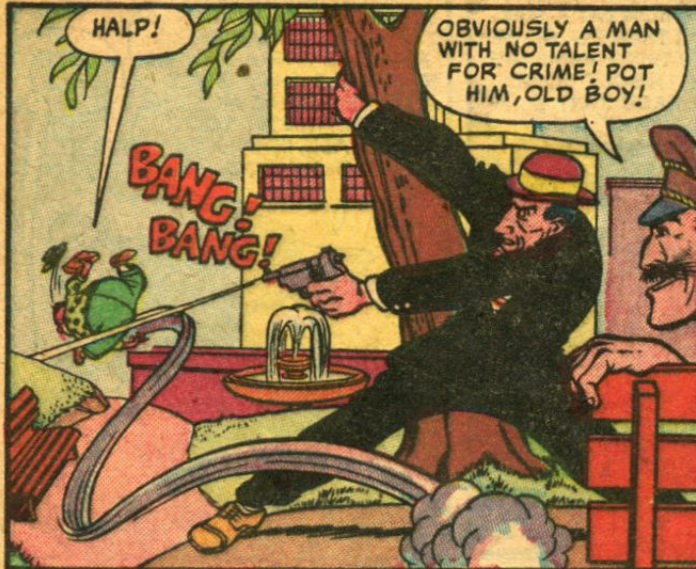
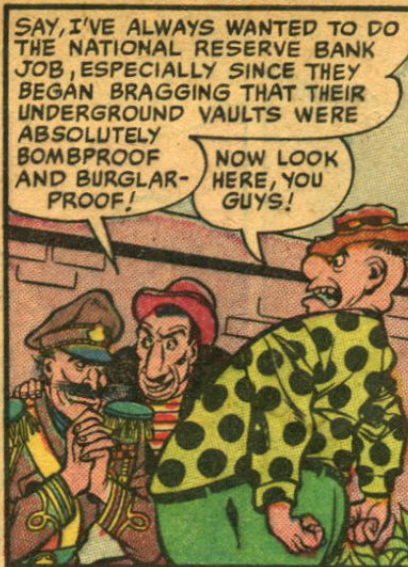
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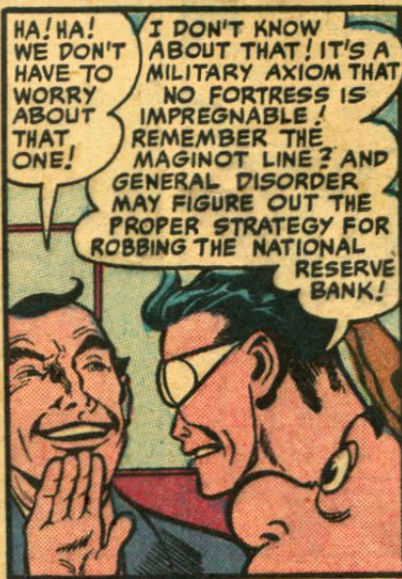
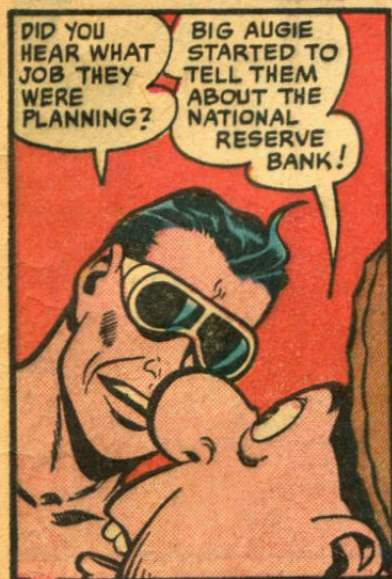
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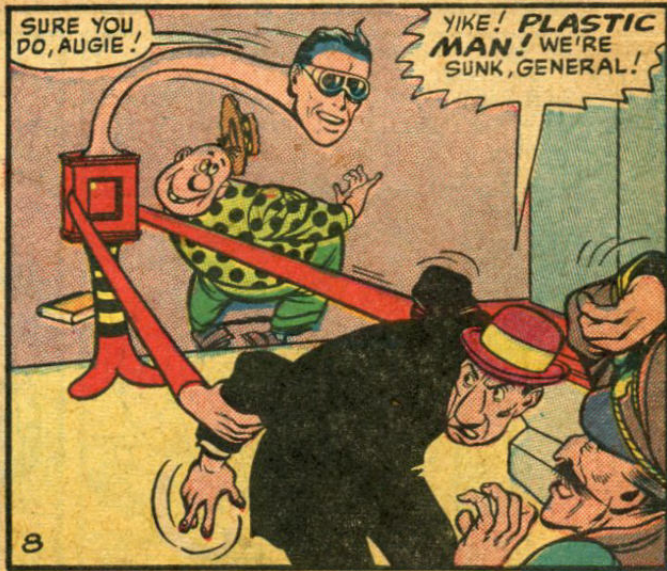
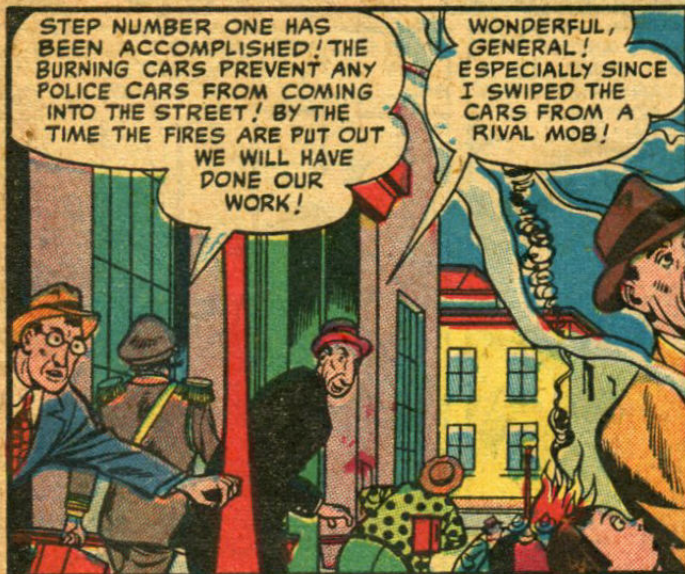
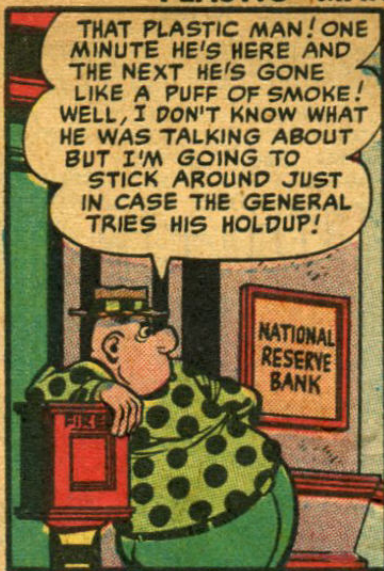
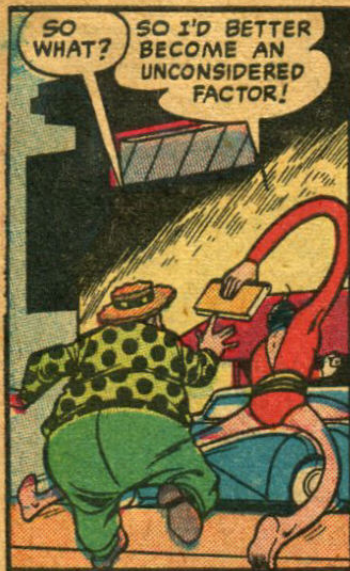
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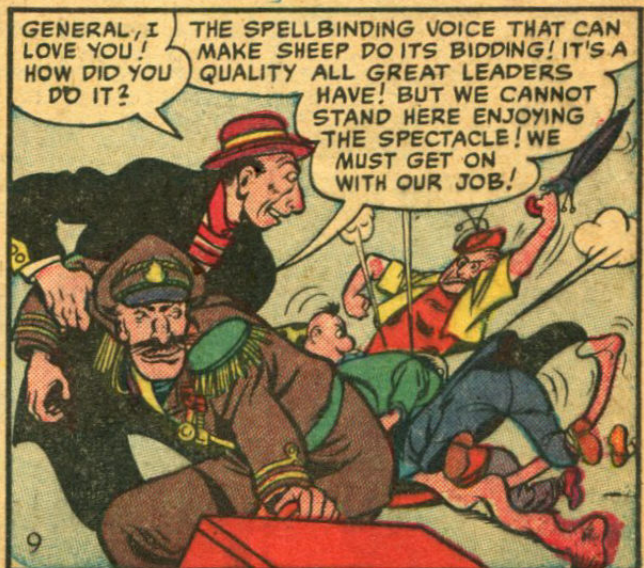
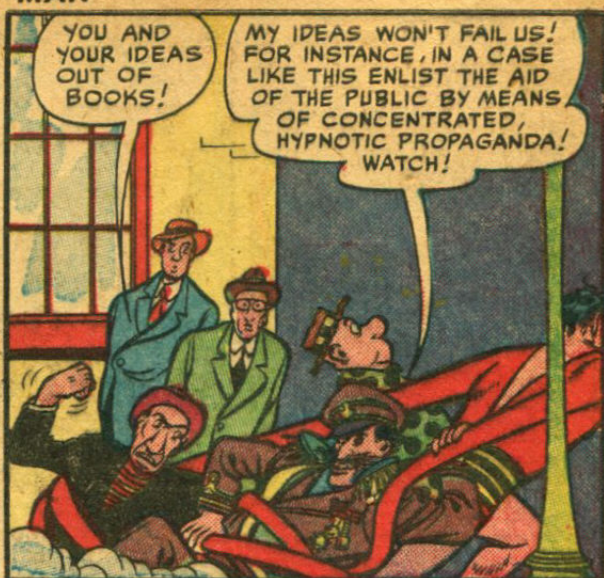
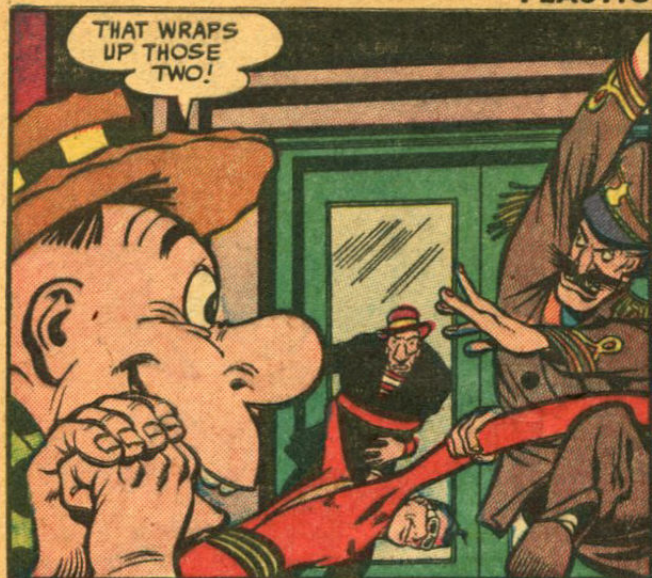
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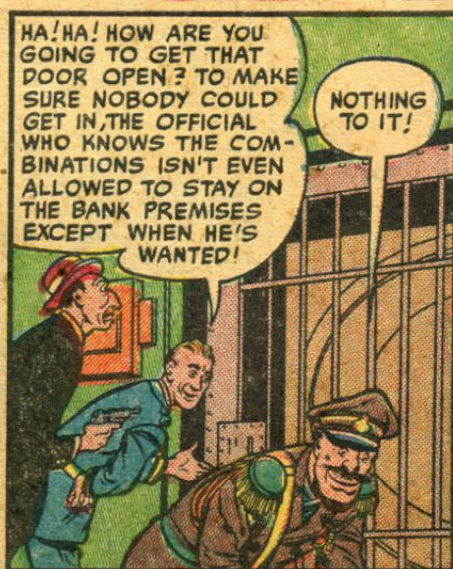
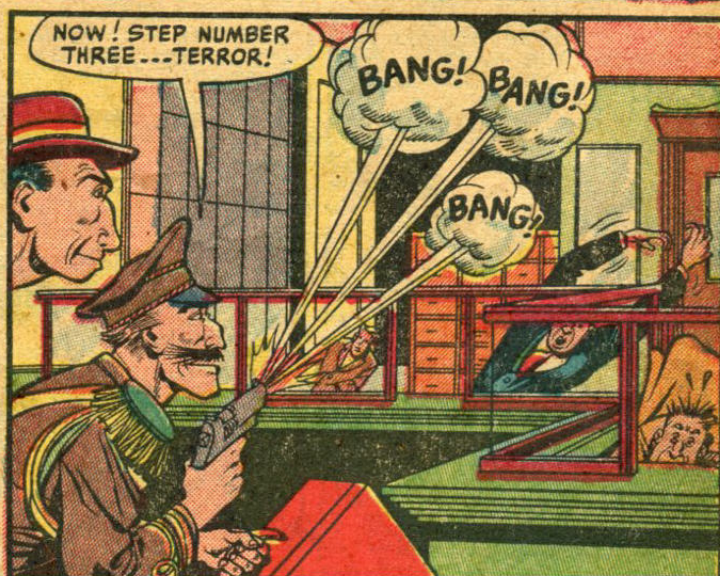
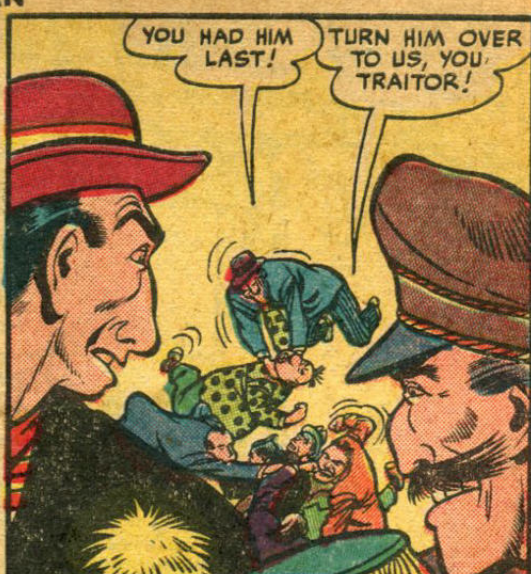
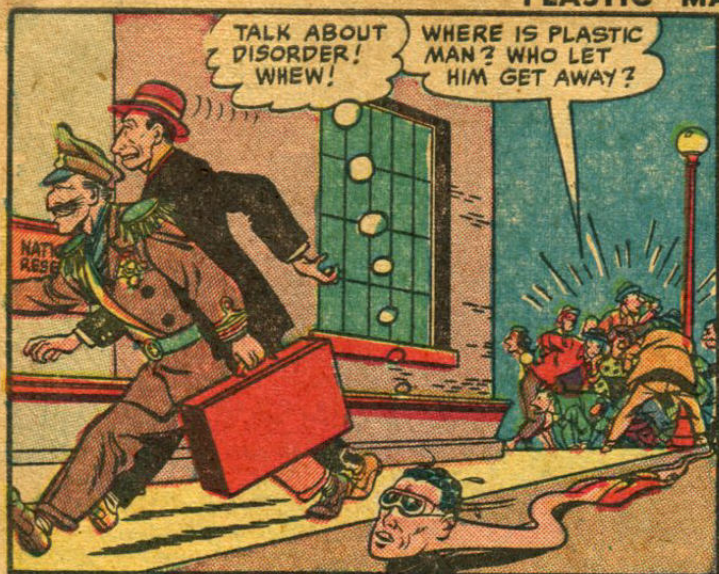
PLASTIC MAN



PLASTIC MAN



PLASTIC MAN



PLASTIC MAN



A BOMB LIKE THAT WON'T EVEN TICKLE THE VAULT DOORS!

FOOL! IT'S NO ORDINARY BOMB! I INVENTED IT MYSELF! IT'S AN IMPROVEMENT ON THE HEAVY WATER ATOMIC PRINCIPLE! THIS ONE IS MADE OF HEAVY SELTZER!



IT'S STRONG ENOUGH TO RIP DOWN THE DOORS, YET BUILT TO DO ITS DEMOLITION JOB ONLY IN A TINY AREA!

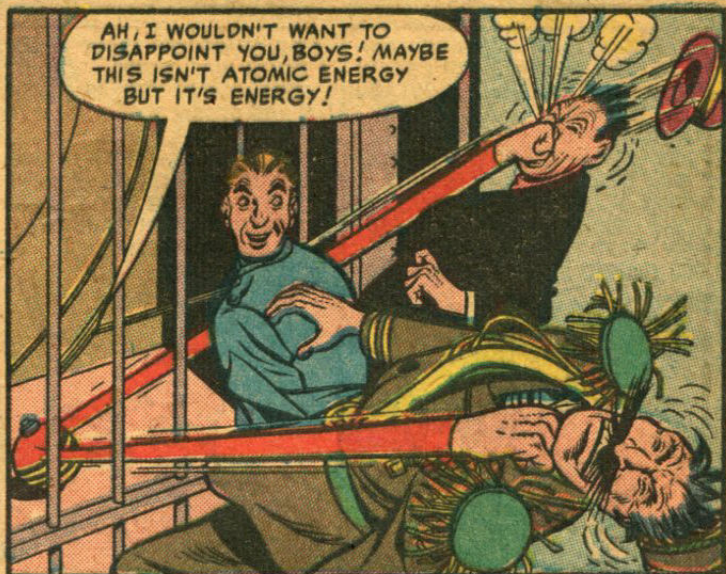


BEHOLD! ATOMIC ENERGY AT WORK!



GENERAL, IT ISN'T DOING ANYTHING!

HOW ODD!



AH, I WOULDN'T WANT TO DISAPPOINT YOU, BOYS! MAYBE THIS ISN'T ATOMIC ENERGY BUT IT'S ENERGY!



UNCLE!

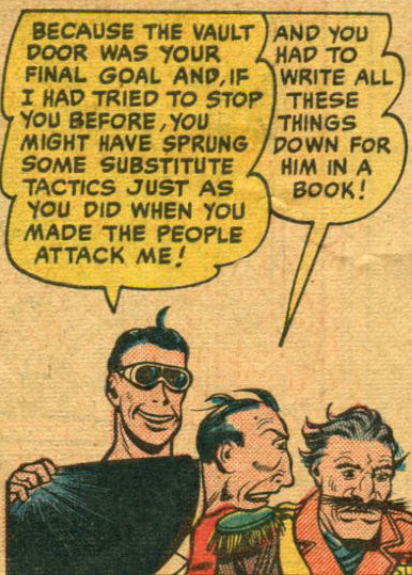
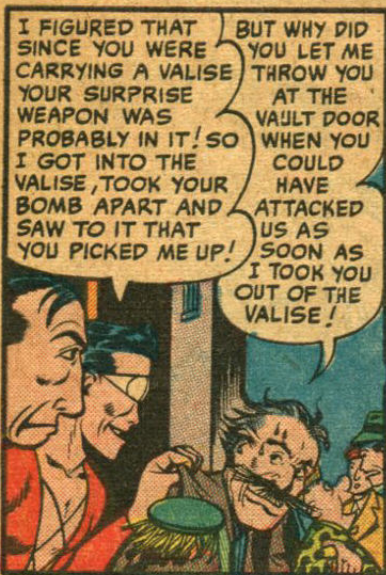
PLASTIC MAN'S THE NAME!



H-HOW DID YOU GET INTO MY VALISE IN PLACE OF THE REAL BOMB?

I CRAWLED IN AS YOU BOYS WERE ENTERING THE BANK!

PLASTIC MAN



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HIT!

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FOR THE BEST
OF THE WEST
GET

**CRACK
WESTERN**

PLASTIC MAN

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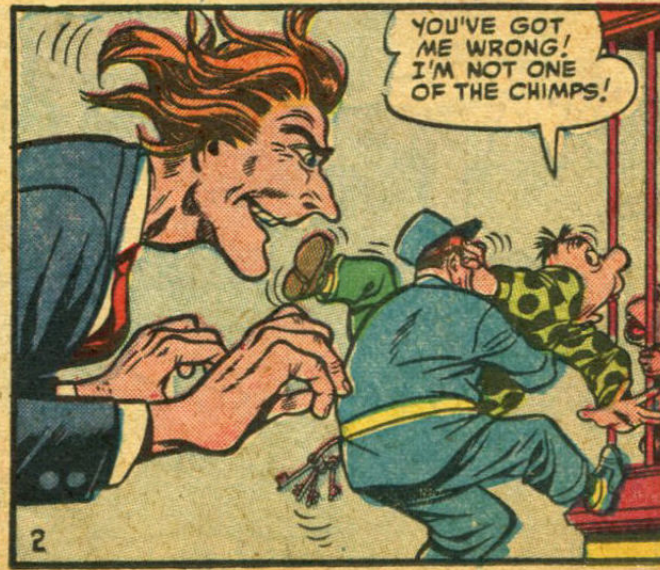
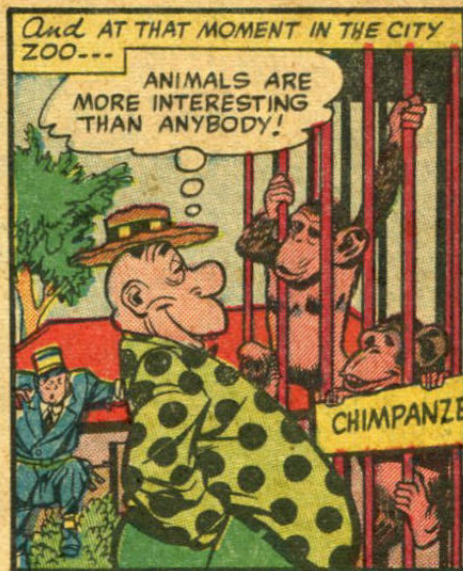
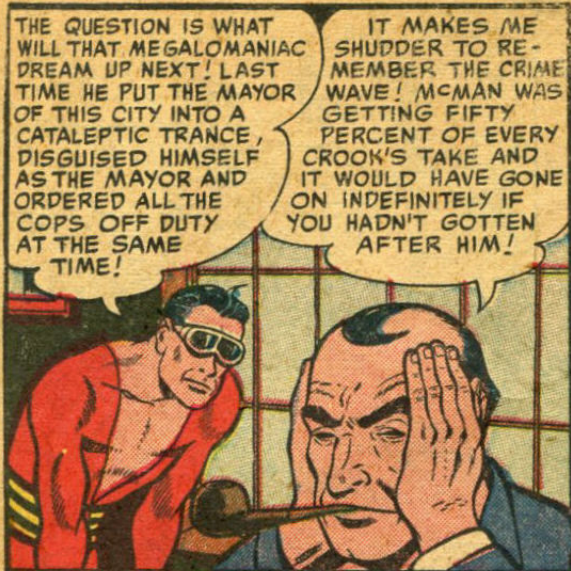
IT CERTAINLY LOOKED AS IF THE WORLD WOULD GO TO THE DOGS WHEN **PROFESSOR McBEAST** MASTERED THE CHARACTERISTIC SECRETS OF ANIMAL LIFE AND DECIDED TO MAKE A MONKEY OUT OF **PLASTIC MAN**!

ANY CLUE TO PROFESSOR MCMAN'S WHEREABOUTS, PLASTIC MAN?

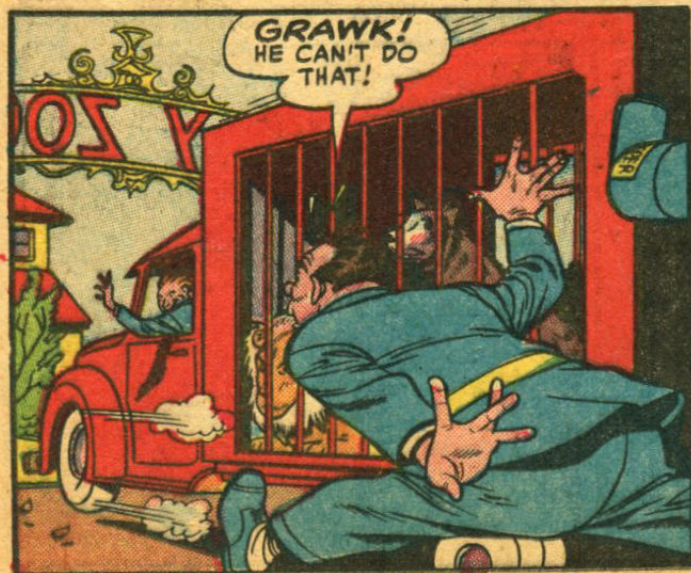
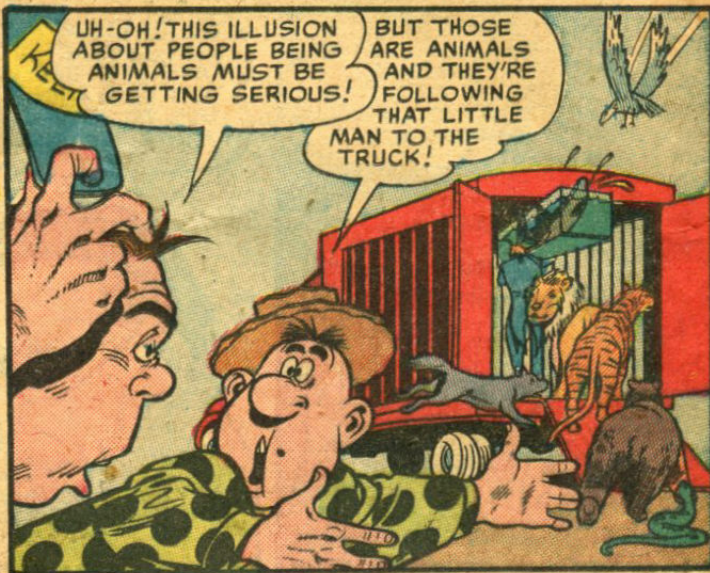
NOT A ONE!

WELL, MAYBE HE'LL LIE LOW FOR A WHILE NOW! YOU THREW A GOOD SCARE INTO HIM!

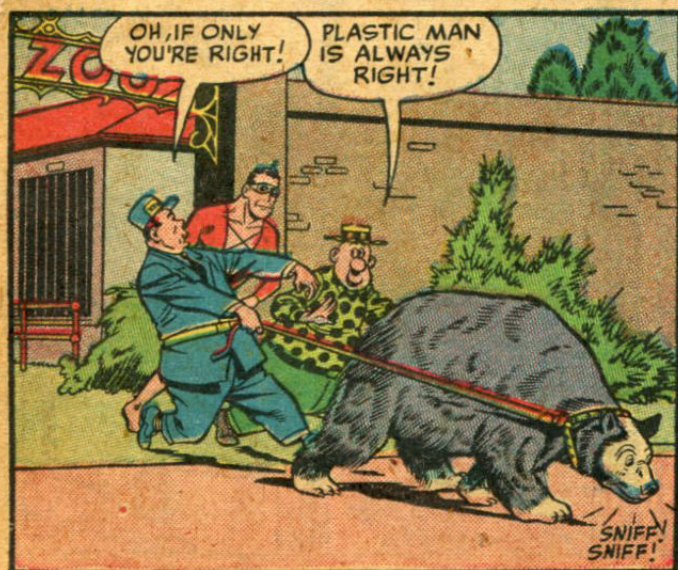
PROFESSOR MCMAN DOESN'T STAY SCARED FOR LONG, CHIEF! THE IMPORTANT THING IS HE GOT AWAY FROM ME!



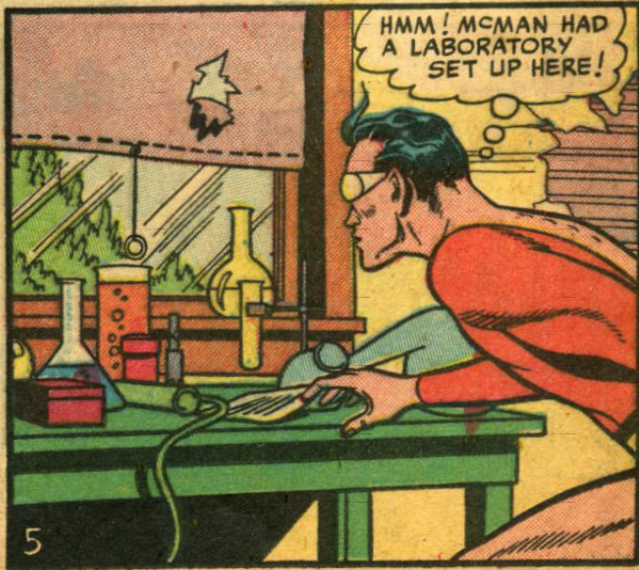
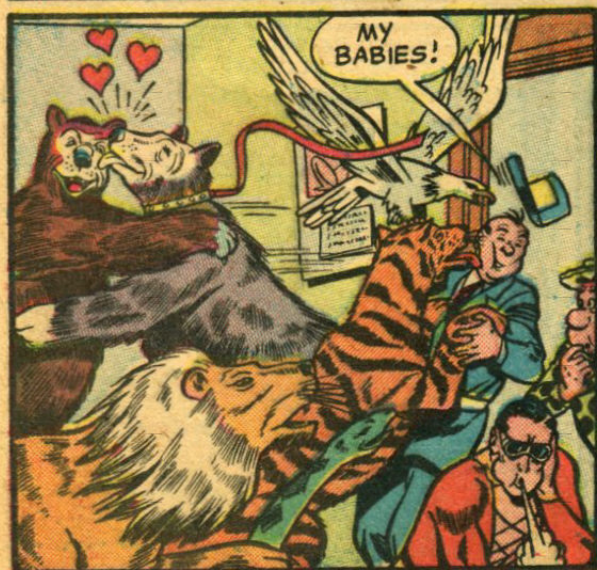
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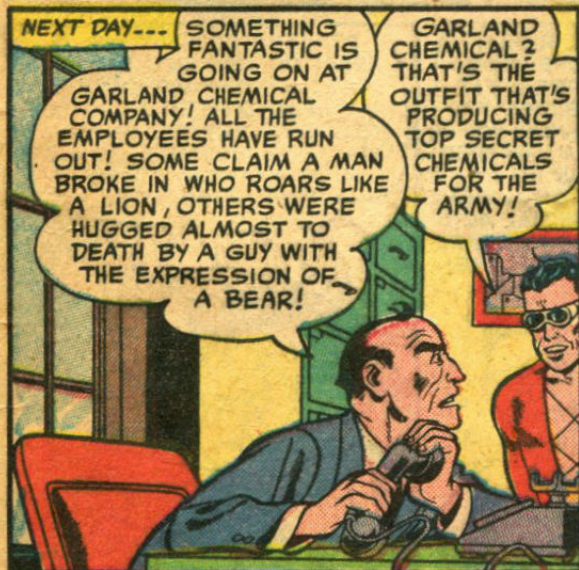
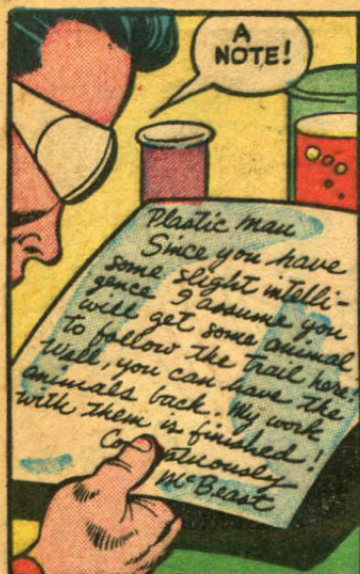
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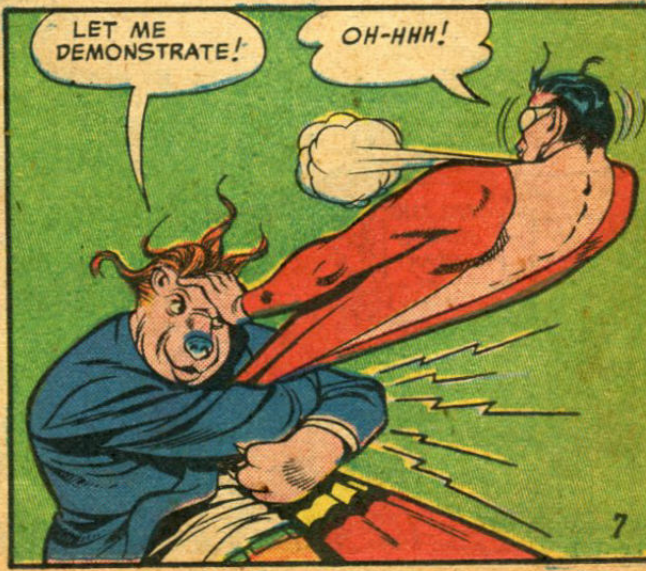
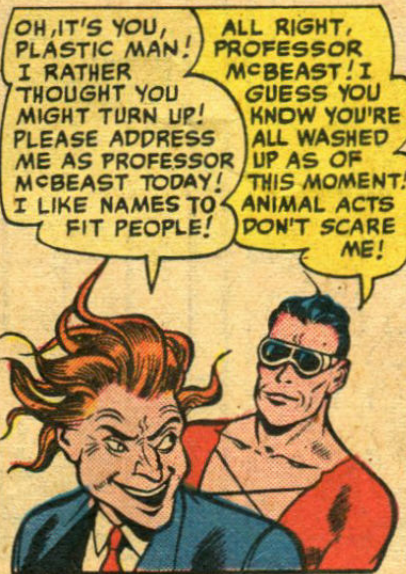
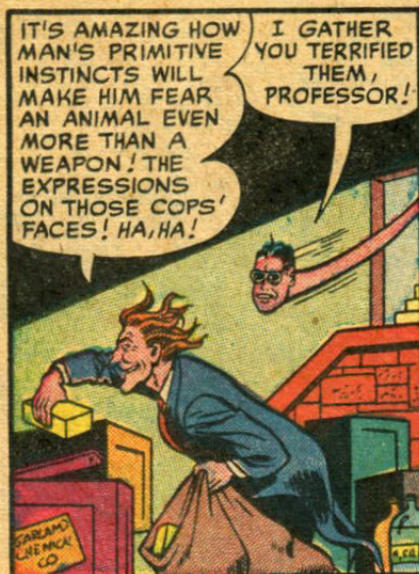
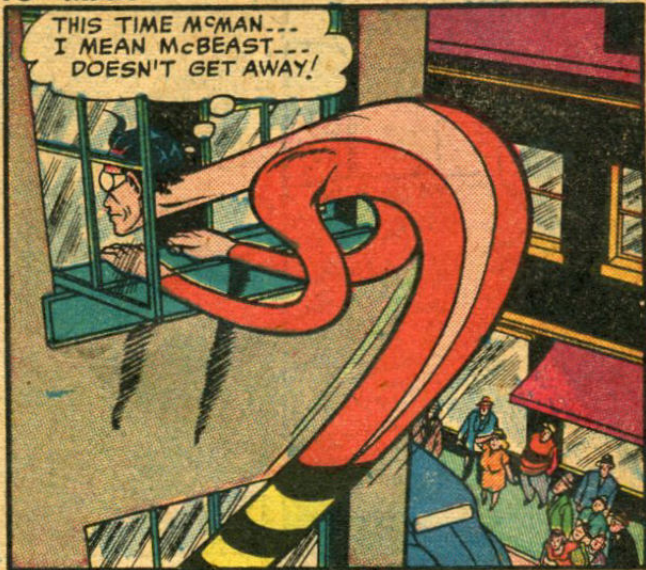
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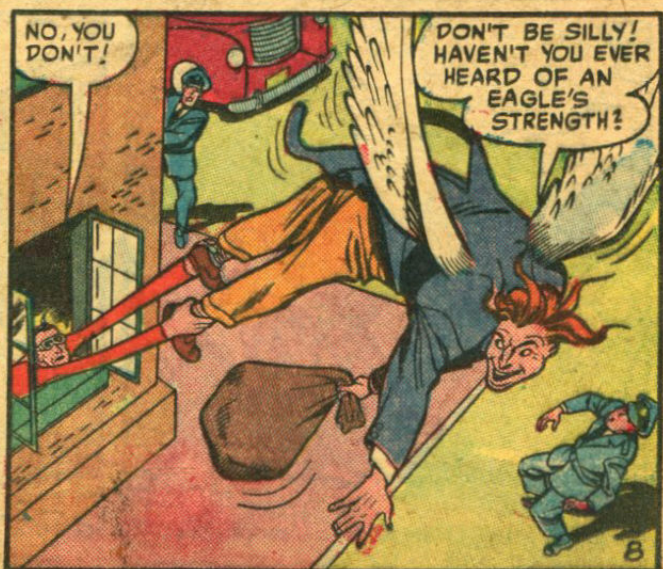
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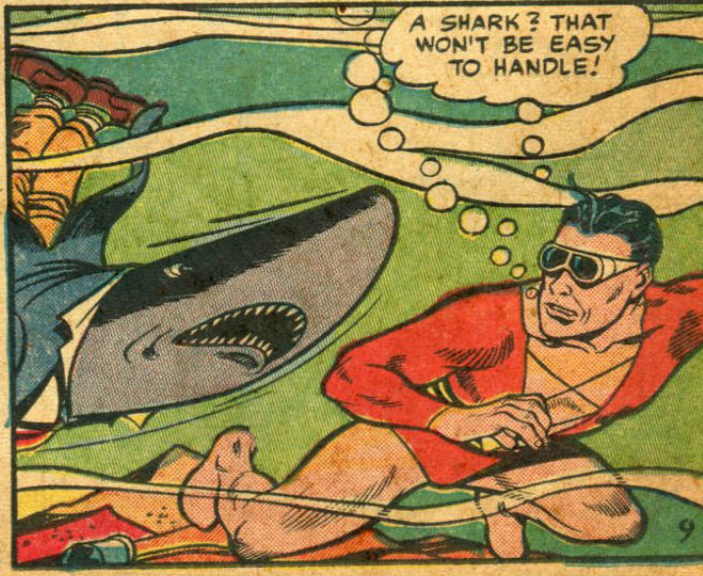
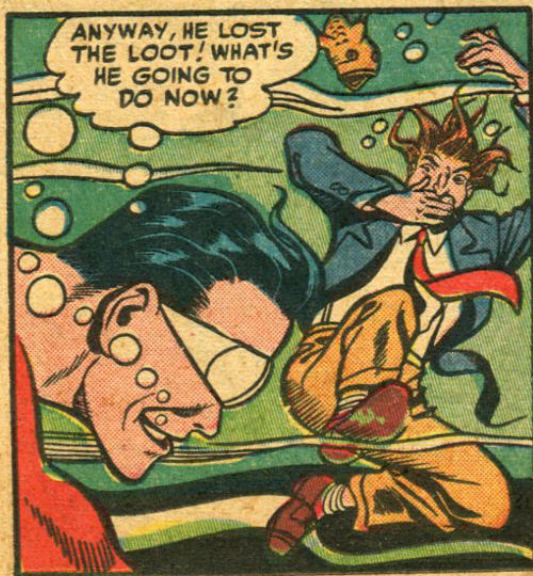
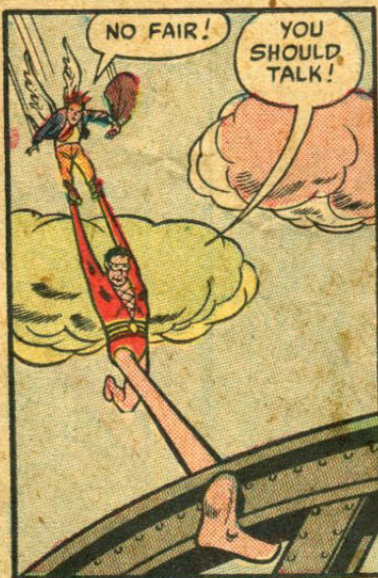
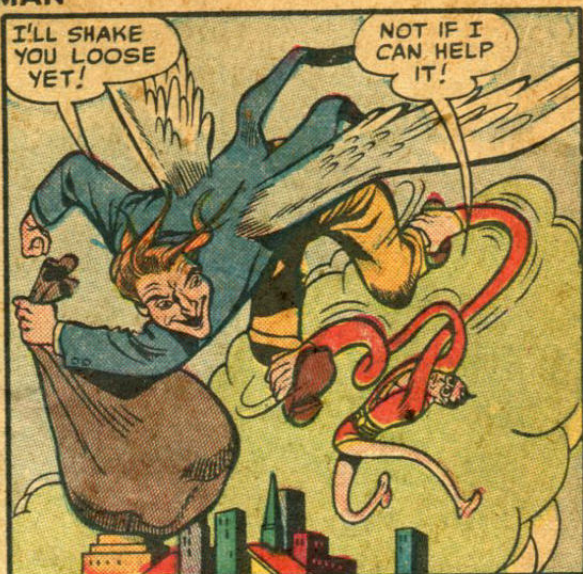
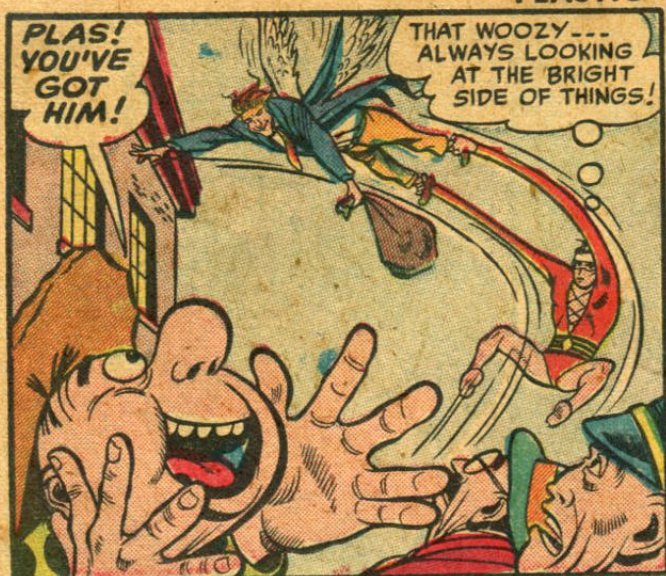
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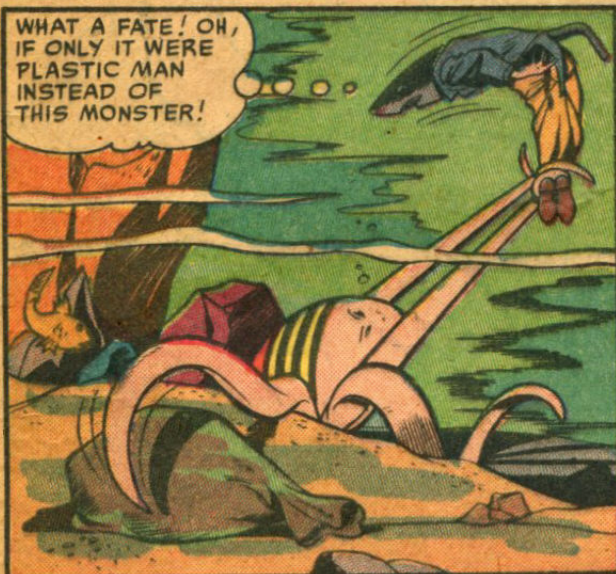
SCARED THE DAYLIGHTS
OUT OF HIM! I'LL CHEW
HIM UP SOME!



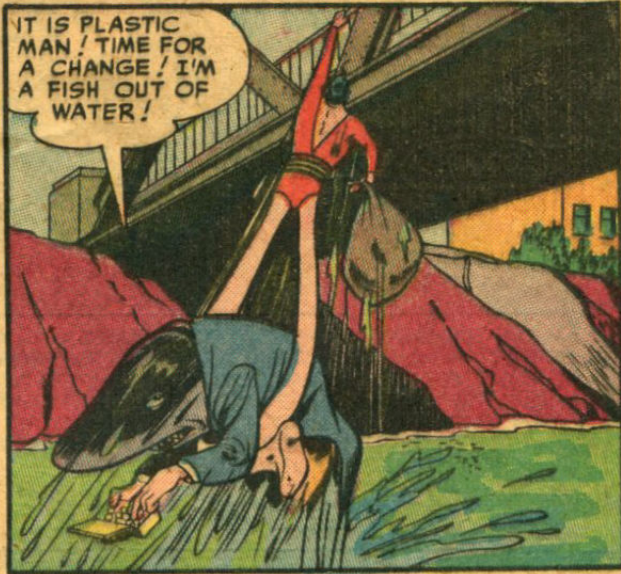
HE DISAPPEARED!



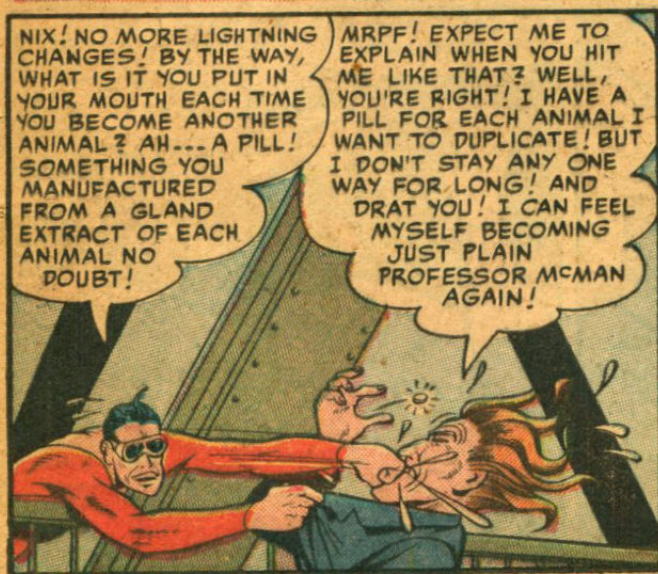
A GIANT OCTOPUS!
THEY'VE BEEN KNOWN
TO MAKE A QUICK
LUNCH OF SHARKS!



WHAT A FATE! OH,
IF ONLY IT WERE
PLASTIC MAN
INSTEAD OF
THIS MONSTER!

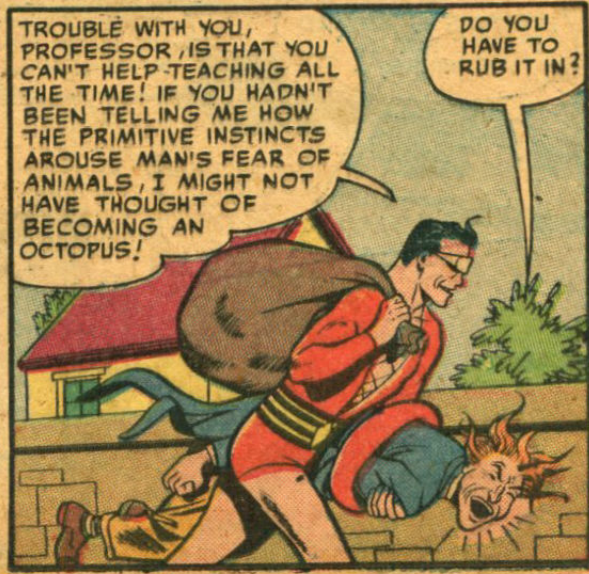


IT IS PLASTIC
MAN! TIME FOR
A CHANGE! I'M
A FISH OUT OF
WATER!



NIX! NO MORE LIGHTNING
CHANGES! BY THE WAY,
WHAT IS IT YOU PUT IN
YOUR MOUTH EACH TIME
YOU BECOME ANOTHER
ANIMAL? AH... A PILL!
SOMETHING YOU
MANUFACTURED
FROM A GLAND
EXTRACT OF EACH
ANIMAL NO
DOUBT!

MRPF! EXPECT ME TO
EXPLAIN WHEN YOU HIT
ME LIKE THAT? WELL,
YOU'RE RIGHT! I HAVE A
PILL FOR EACH ANIMAL I
WANT TO DUPLICATE! BUT
I DON'T STAY ANY ONE
WAY FOR LONG! AND
DRAT YOU! I CAN FEEL
MYSELF BECOMING
JUST PLAIN
PROFESSOR MCMAN
AGAIN!



TROUBLE WITH YOU,
PROFESSOR, IS THAT YOU
CAN'T HELP TEACHING ALL
THE TIME! IF YOU HADN'T
BEEN TELLING ME HOW
THE PRIMITIVE INSTINCTS
AROUSE MAN'S FEAR OF
ANIMALS, I MIGHT NOT
HAVE THOUGHT OF
BECOMING AN
OCTOPUS!

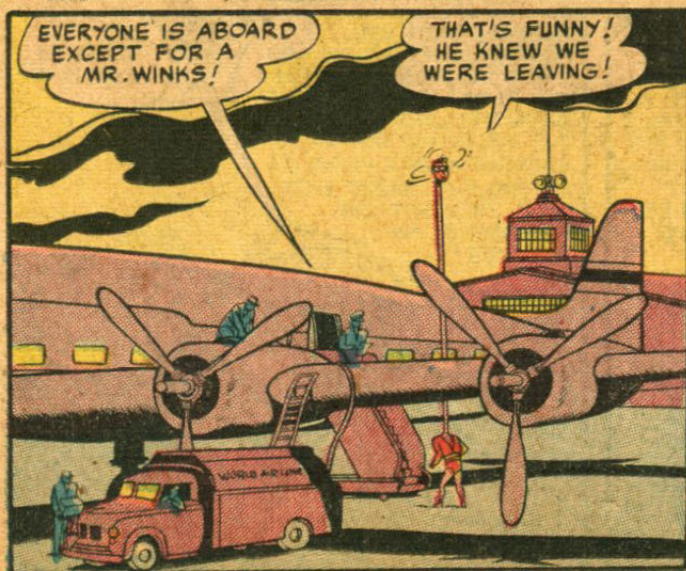
DO YOU
HAVE TO
RUB IT IN?

PLASTIC MAN

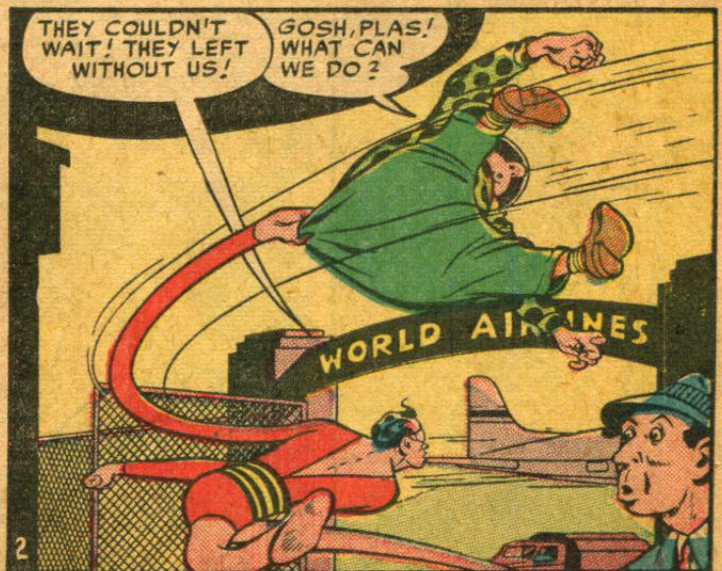
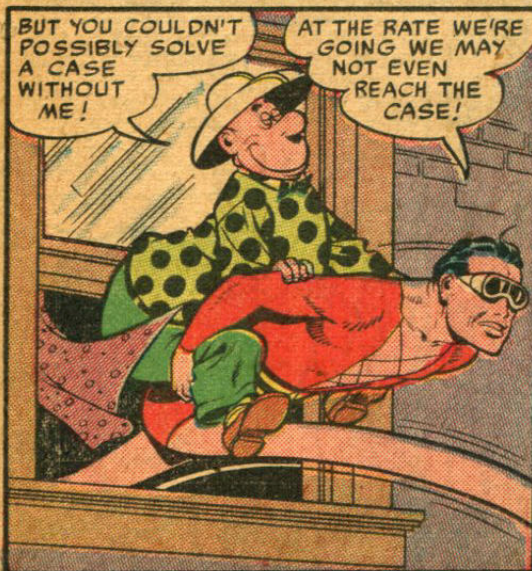
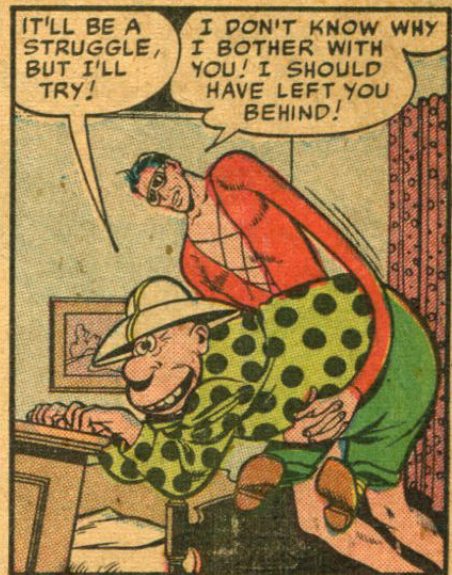
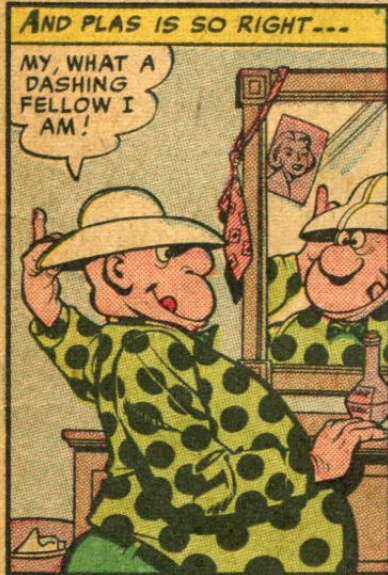
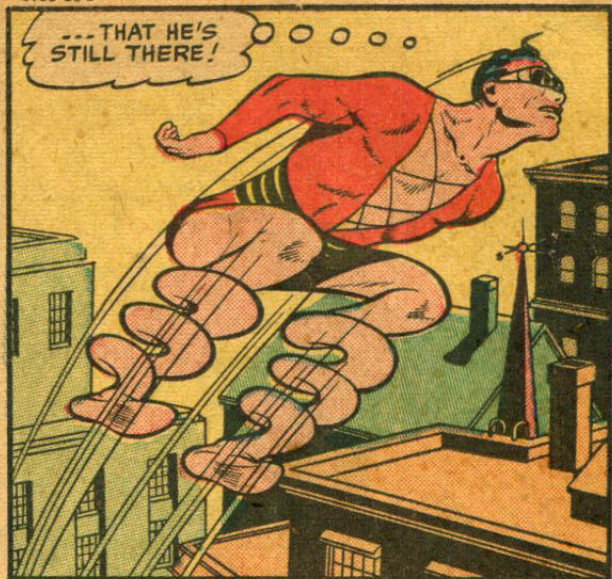


IN THE STEAMING JUNGLES OF DARKEST AFRICA, PLASTIC MAN AND WOZZY HEAR THE RHYTHMIC BEATING OF THE NATIVE DRUMS! THEY DO NOT KNOW THE DRUMS SING OUT A SONG OF DEATH FOR THEM! FEARLESSLY THEY FORGE AHEAD THROUGH THE TREACHEROUS JUNGLE ONLY TO DISCOVER THAT THEY ARE THE INTENDED VICTIMS OF---

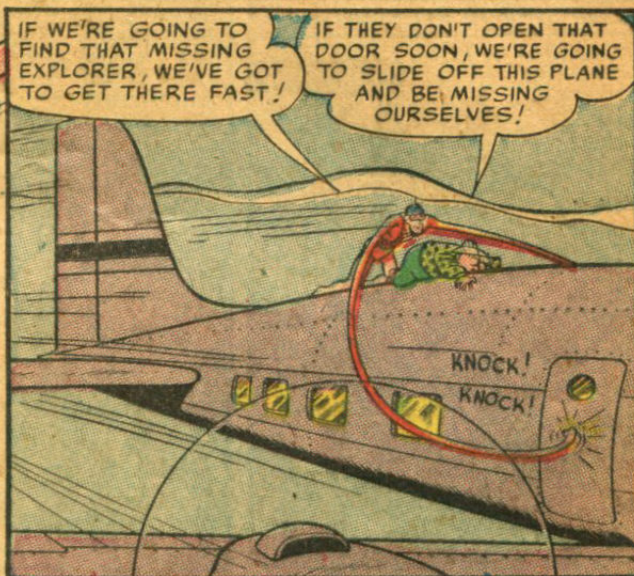
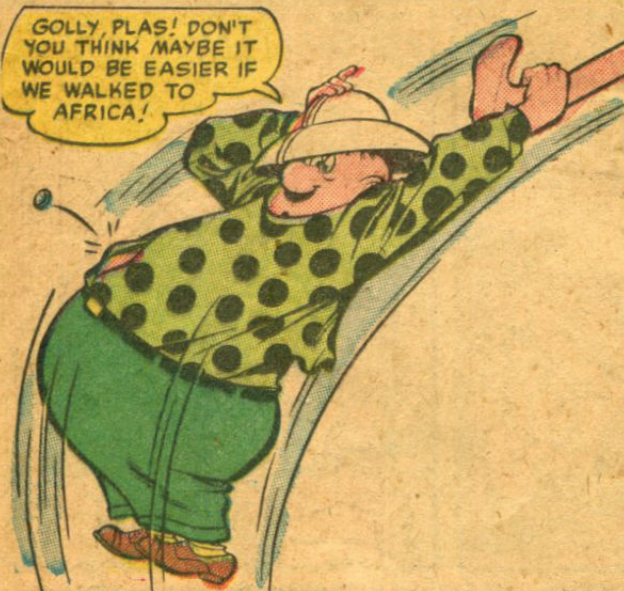
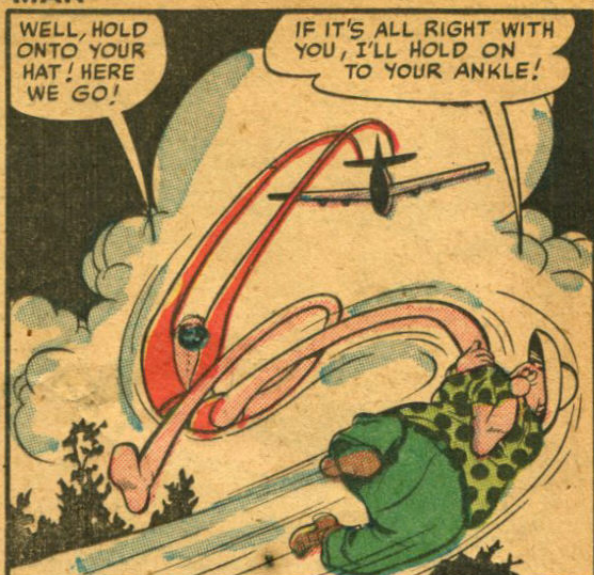
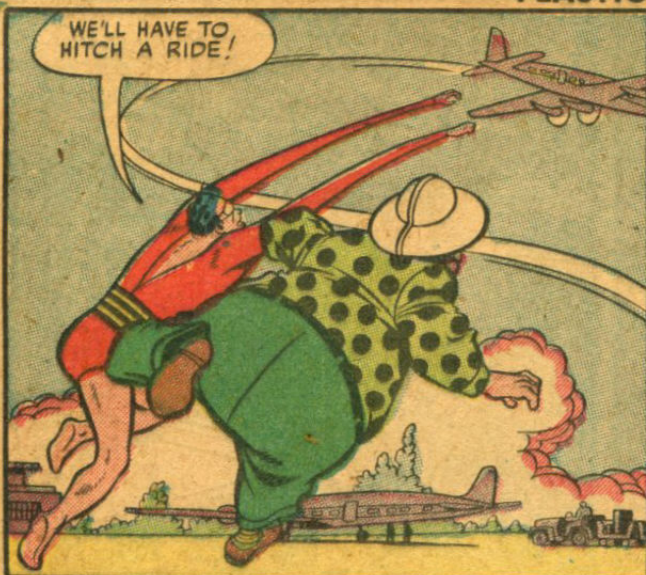
THE RITUAL OF RAKA!



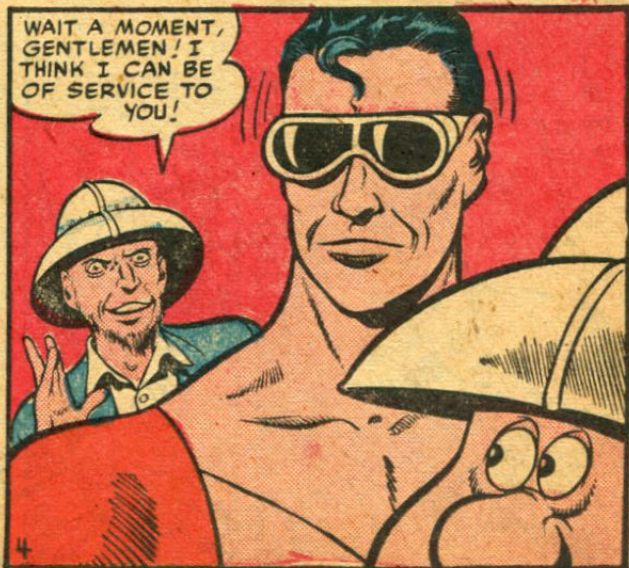
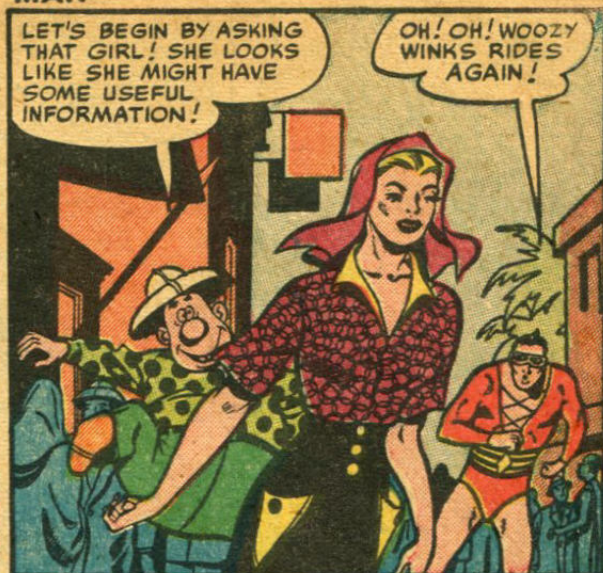
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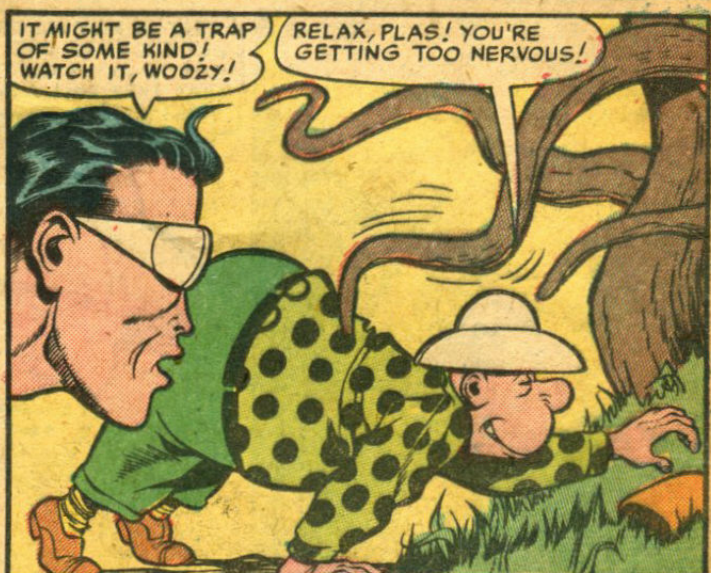
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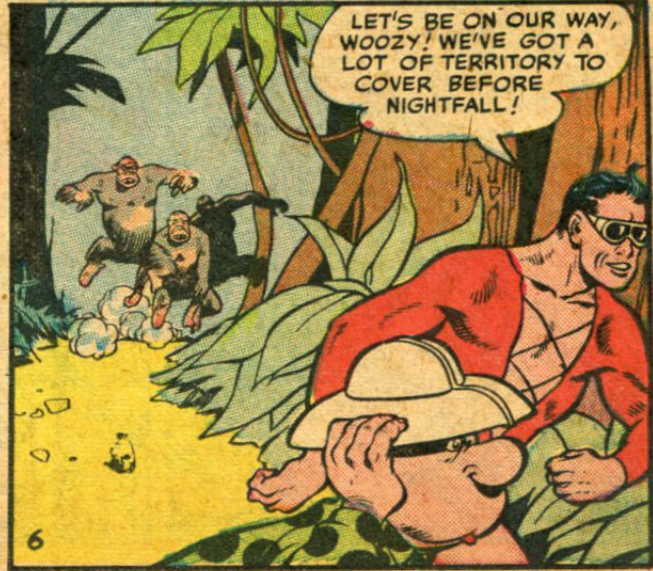
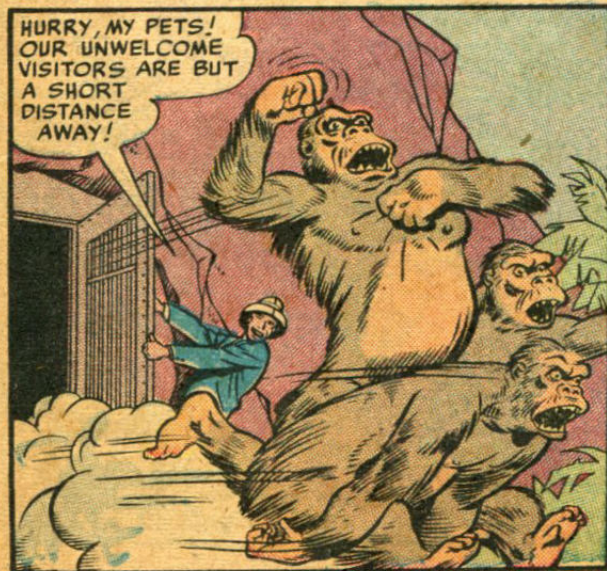
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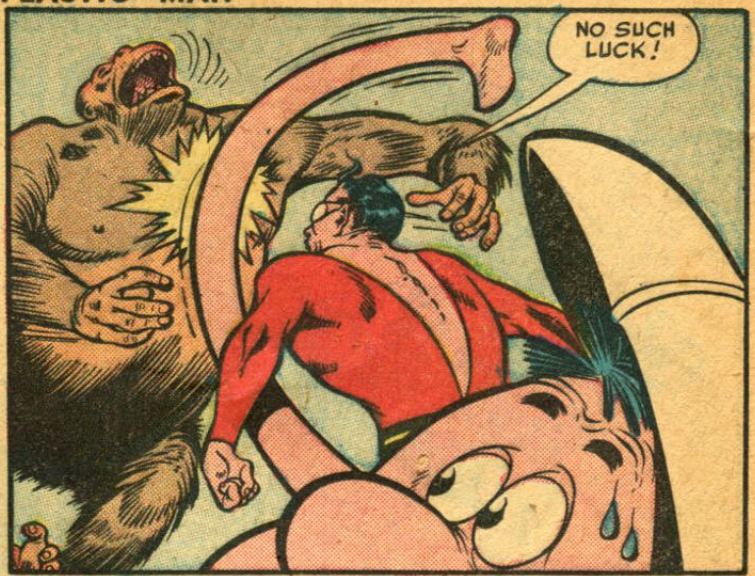
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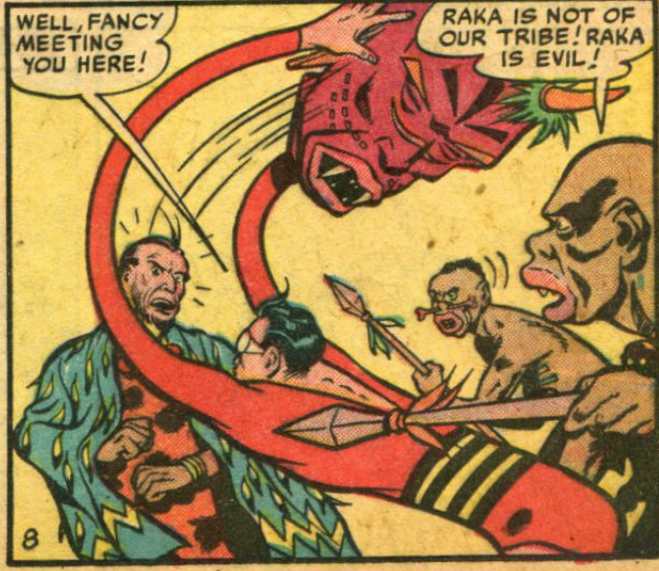
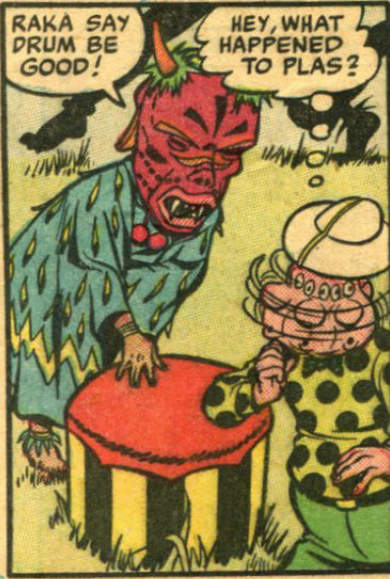
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PLASTIC MAN



YOU CURSED DOG! THESE MEN WERE MY SLAVES! THEY BELIEVED IN THE POWER OF RAKA! NOW YOU HAVE RUINED ME!

IT'S ABOUT TIME THESE BOYS WERE WISE TO YOU AND YOUR SHENANIGANS!



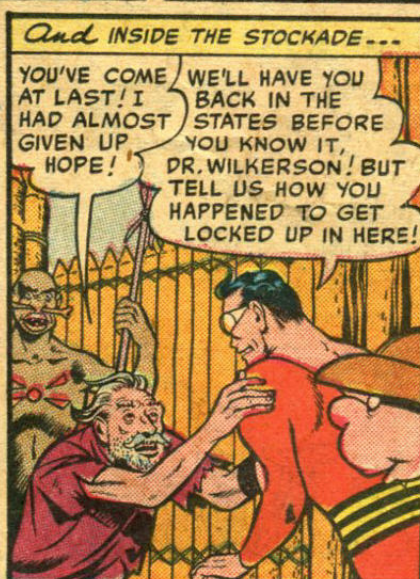
NO, RAKA! THIS MAN BE FRIEND!

THAT'S THE IDEA! TURN THIS MAN OVER TO THE AUTHORITIES! YOUR PEOPLE CAN NOW BE FREE OF HIS EVIL INFLUENCES!



RAKA HAVE ONE PRISONER LONG TIME IN STOCKADE! HIM BE WILKERSON! ME TAKE YOU!

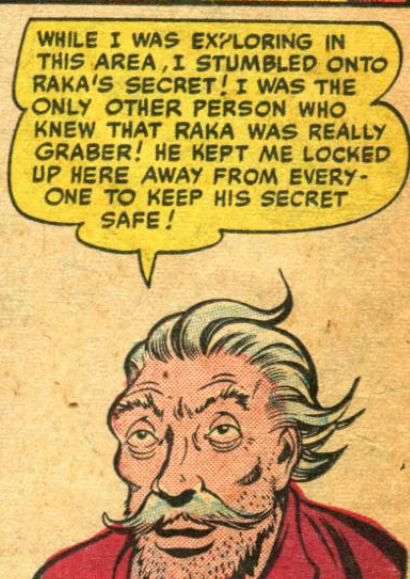
GOOD! LET'S GO!



And INSIDE THE STOCKADE---

YOU'VE COME AT LAST! I HAD ALMOST GIVEN UP HOPE!

WE'LL HAVE YOU BACK IN THE STATES BEFORE YOU KNOW IT, DR. WILKERSON! BUT TELL US HOW YOU HAPPENED TO GET LOCKED UP IN HERE!



WHILE I WAS EXPLORING IN THIS AREA, I STUMBLED ONTO RAKA'S SECRET! I WAS THE ONLY OTHER PERSON WHO KNEW THAT RAKA WAS REALLY GRABER! HE KEPT ME LOCKED UP HERE AWAY FROM EVERYONE TO KEEP HIS SECRET SAFE!



HE WAS A MENACE! HE PLAYED ON THE SUPERSTITIONS OF THE NATIVES TO MAKE THEM DO AS HE WISHED! BUT HE WON'T BE GETTING INTO ANY MORE MISCHIEF!

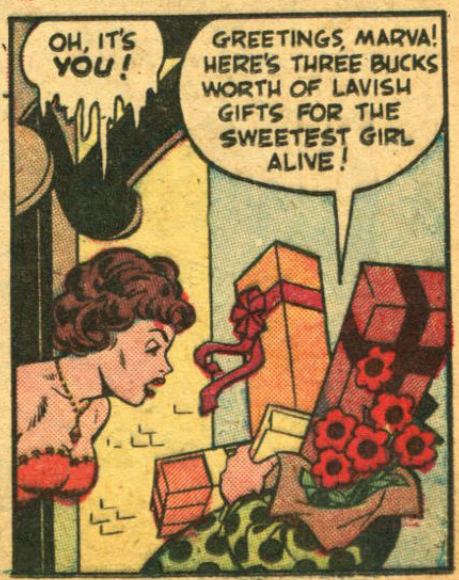
HE CERTAINLY WASN'T MY TYPE!



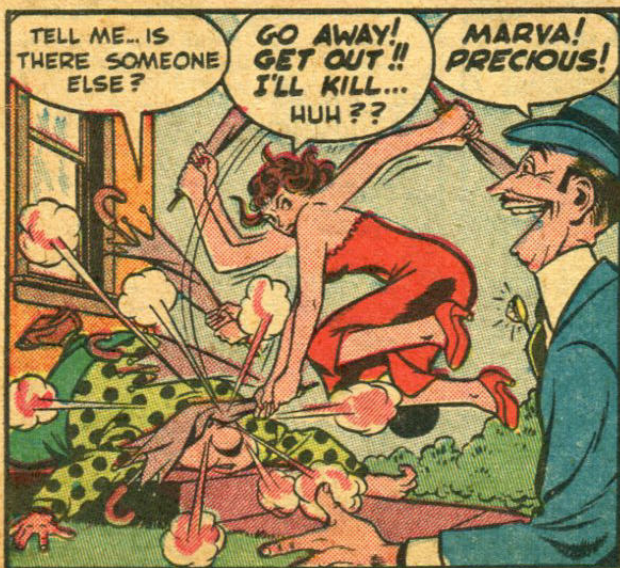
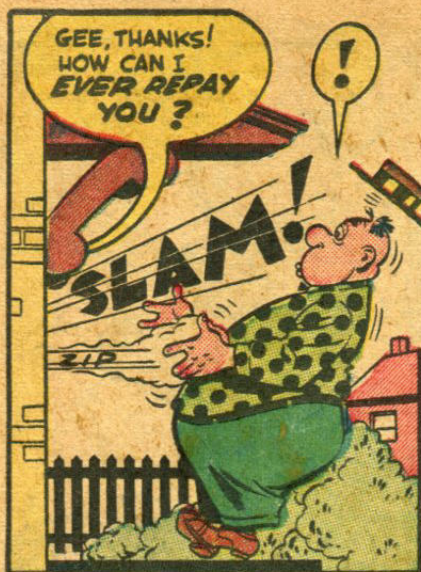
AND LATER, BACK IN THE UNITED STATES---

LET'S GET OUT OF HERE! I DON'T LIKE DRUMS!

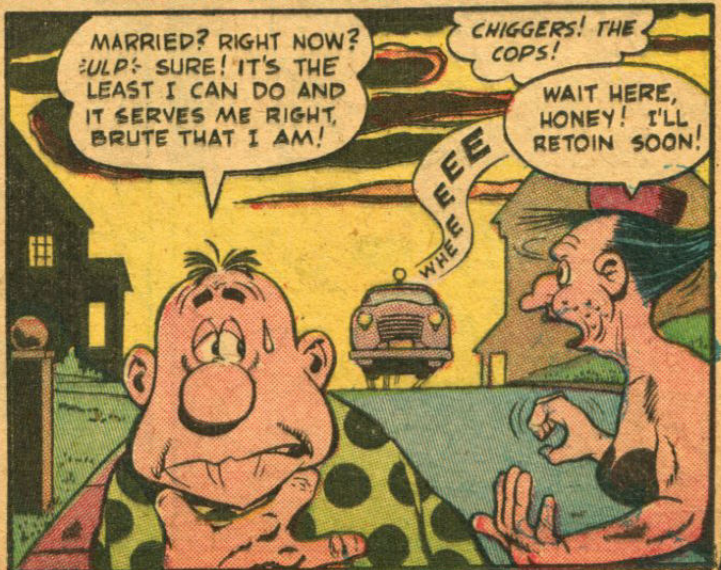
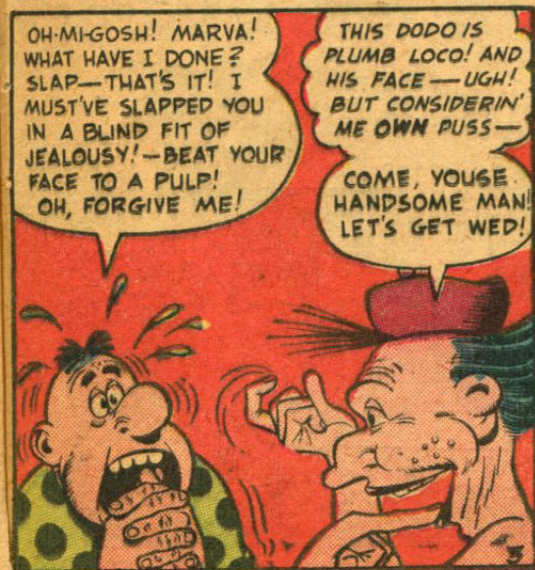
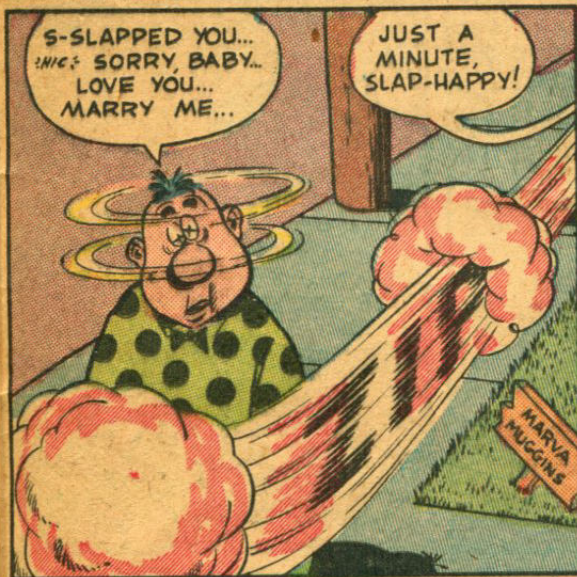
I CAN HARDLY BLAME YOU, WOZZY!



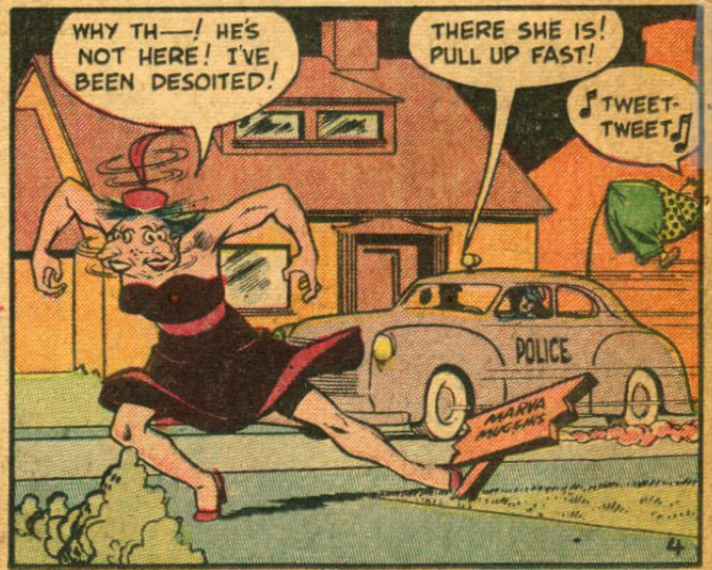
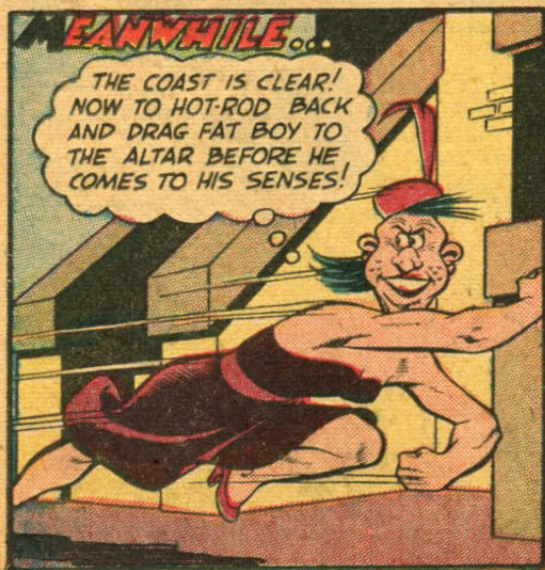
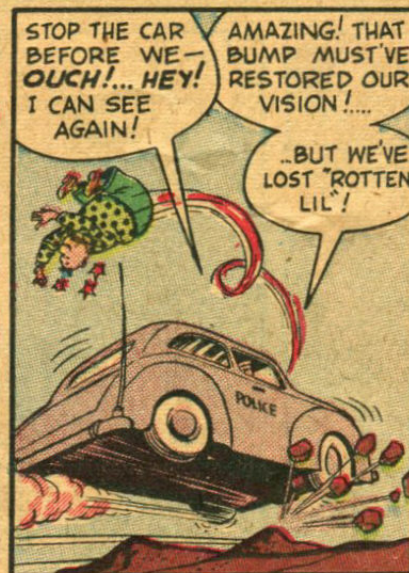
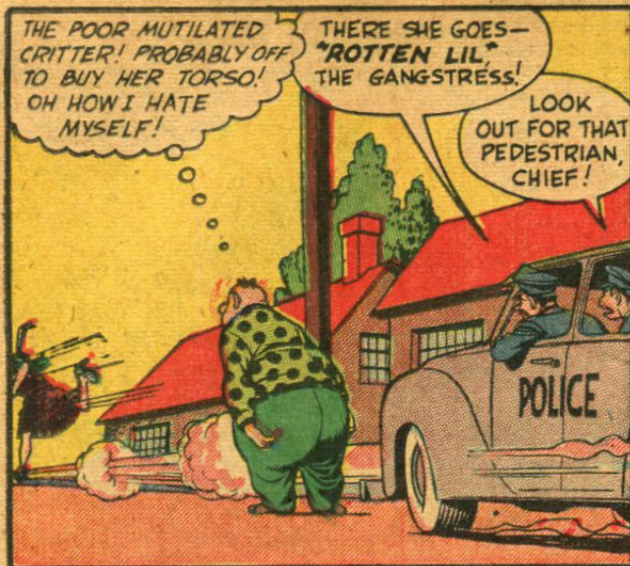
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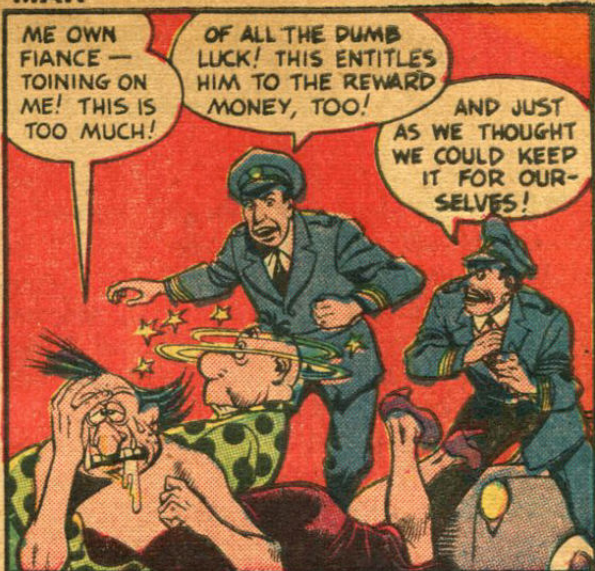
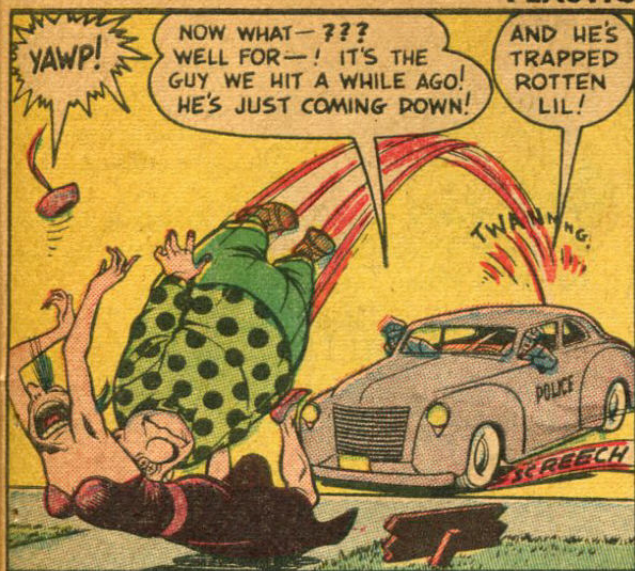
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DEATH WATCH

CHIEF of Homicide Lannigan summoned a Sergeant from his squad. "Epley," he said, "I have fifteen minutes to tell you a story. This is a life and death matter for me and Professor Ellingham who's locked up in the brig on suspicion. At the end of that time, one of us will be doomed to die!"

"Die?" Epley took a quick glance at the clock. "You? How do you fit into the Carson case? That's what Ellingham's booked for, isn't it?"

"That's why I had you come here," explained Lannigan as he paced the floor, trying to hide his nervousness. "Listen to me and listen carefully! You're the witness and my dictaphone—" and he pointed to the machine, "—my dictaphone will back you up! I've got it going so there'll be a record of everything I say! It's important!"

Epley listened intently. He'd heard the story of the Carson case before. But where Chief Lannigan's life was involved was a mystery! This was the story:

* * *

"My dear," said Professor Ellingham, kissing his wife after they'd finished dinner. "Carson and I are going to work on our book tonight. You don't mind, do you?"

"Yes, I mind!" flared his beautiful wife Laura. "Do you think I married you to sit in this house by myself night after night and do nothing? I'm tired of you and of Carson and your book on the life of the savages! I'd like a little attention myself!"

"You'll have that," answered the Professor as he hurried out the door. "You'll have that, too, but this book is important!"

"Important!" shouted Laura after him. "You'd better work hard tonight! You haven't much time!"

Later, Laura went to their studio where they were working. She stood around taunting them for a while and then left. But Professor Ellingham's car was parked out front and she must have planned her drastic move with great care.

The Professor came home at midnight and his wife was presumably asleep. A few minutes later, the phone rang.

"What?" shouted Ellingham. "Carson's dead? Good grief! I'll be right over!"

Professor Ellingham shook his wife. "A terrible tragedy," he told her. "Carson's gone—heart attack!"

"How nice," she smiled. "Don't blame me if I don't burst into tears. Maybe now you'll forget that book and we can spend some time together."

Chief of Detectives Lannigan was called on the case. The coroner examined Carson's corpse and pronounced it a heart attack without question. Nothing would have tipped the scales to suspicion of murder if Professor Ellingham hadn't come to the Municipal Building the next day and met Chief Lannigan.

"What about Carson?" asked the Professor. "Have they found anything?"

"Nothing abnormal. You can go in and talk to the medical examiner if you want to. I see your wife's with you so I'll talk to her while you're inside."

Mrs. Ellingham was a charming lady to all outward appearances. Chief Lannigan had enjoyed conversing with her on many occasions before. But when he opened the car door with his usual friendly greeting, she fell from the front seat, limp and cold and DEAD!

That started the investigation. Professor Ellingham's partner and wife had both died in a similar, mysterious way. Lannigan was suspicious! It seemed impossible that Ellingham would have driven to the Municipal Building if he had been guilty of his wife's death. Yet, Lannigan went to his house to investigate!

"I know you're a student of savage life," he said. "Could you have used some devious method to rid yourself of your wife and Carson?"

"How can you say that?" wailed Ellingham. "I loved them both!"

Then Lannigan came across a book on a

table titled, "Weapons of Savagery." "How do you explain this?" he barked at the Professor. "Here's a bookmark on a page that explains a poison needle! It tells how the prick of the point, anointed with a secretion from tropical bugs, will kill!"

"And you," Lannigan continued, looking to the left of him where there were cases of insects, "you raise those bugs!"

"Yes, I do," confessed Ellingham. "But I didn't kill Carson! I swear I didn't! I'll tell you the truth!"

Professor Ellingham sobbed out his story—how his wife had hated Carson and been jealous of their work and the fact that she was left alone. For want of something to do, she had studied the natives' bizarre methods of death. She had gone to their studio, taunted them, and then left a poison needle in the seat of the car where she knew Carson would sit when the Professor drove him home.

"S-she told me afterward," wept Ellingham. "S-she told me how she planned and executed Carson's murder! That's why I went to the medical examiner—to be sure there was no incriminating evidence!"

"That's possible," agreed Lannigan. "It's a sound theory as far as it goes. But now explain the death of your wife."

Professor Ellingham was subdued by sorrow. It took time for him to talk and then he explained, "She was killed in the same way. In our panic, we forgot to take the needle from the car seat. She committed the crime on Carson and was murdered by her own weapon!"

Lannigan was almost convinced but, being a thorough investigator, he had to see the evidence. He and Professor Ellingham went to the car to look for the planted needle! They searched a while and finally tore out the upholstery and, sure enough, it was there. But, as Lannigan jerked it out, he stuck it into his finger!

"Good grief," he cried. "I stabbed myself with the poisoned needle! Professor Ellingham, do something! Is there an antidote?"

"You don't need it," replied the Professor without thinking. "The poison's only good for five or six hours. After that, it's harmless."

"How do I know you're telling the truth?" blared Lannigan. "But if you are, you're under arrest for murder! Come with me and I'll ex-

plain it to you later—I hope!"

"But why do you suspect me?" queried the Professor, obviously shaken.

"Because your wife died approximately twelve hours after Carson! If the poison doesn't last, how did it work on her? You must have planted a new needle—nobody else would know the formula. But we'll soon find out!"

"Haven't I had enough grief?" howled Professor Ellingham. "Do I have to suffer for my wife's mistakes?"

"No! Just tell me how long it takes for the poison to work and kill!"

"One hour," shouted Ellingham. "I hope it kills you!"

"No doubt," grinned Lannigan. "That'll save your hide. We'll soon know if you're innocent or guilty and, in the meantime, we'll lock you up on suspicion!"

* * * *

"That's the story, Epley," Lannigan muttered, glancing uneasily at the clock. "Just a few more minutes before we know!"

"It's a little complicated, Chief. Give me the outcome in a few words."

"Are you a dope? Look, if the needle retains its poisonous effects and, by accident, killed Ellingham's wife, it'll kill me! If it doesn't, the Prof's guilty of murdering her! Only time will tell!"

They watched the clock which seemed to stand still. Each second was like an hour. Tick . . . tick . . . tick . . . tick! The minute hand crept slowly . . . slowly . . . to the appointed hour! Lannigan and Epley waited . . . waited! Finally Lannigan spoke! "I'm sure Ellingham's right about his wife killing Carson. Just want to get that on the dictaphone before time's up!"

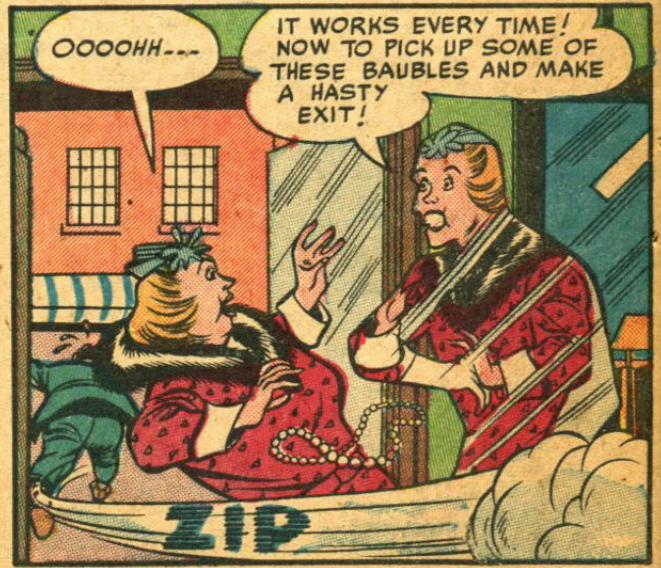
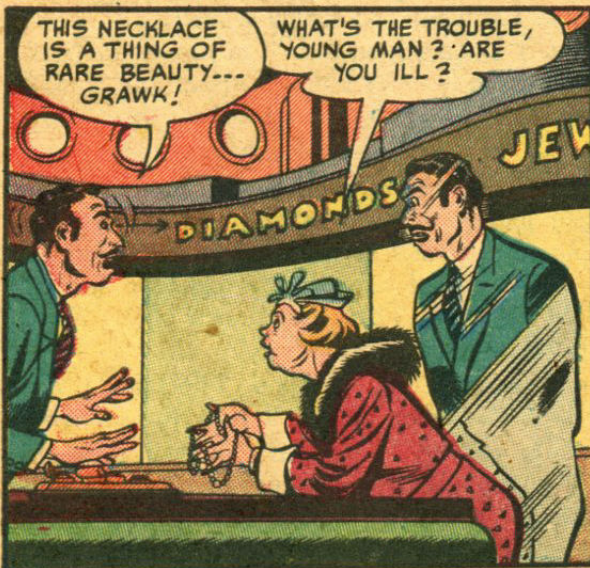
"Good!" whispered Epley in a raspy voice.

Then the crucial moment was past. The two men looked at each other in silent gratitude. Lannigan turned slowly and switched off the dictaphone and removed the cylinder and put it in his desk. Then the corners of his mouth curled into a wry smile.

"Funny feeling," he said. "To think you've beaten the other guy in a race for survival."

The telephone rang and Lannigan answered. "You say Ellingham's confessed to killing his wife?" he asked. "Not surprising. Ya see, if he wasn't guilty, I'd be dead!"

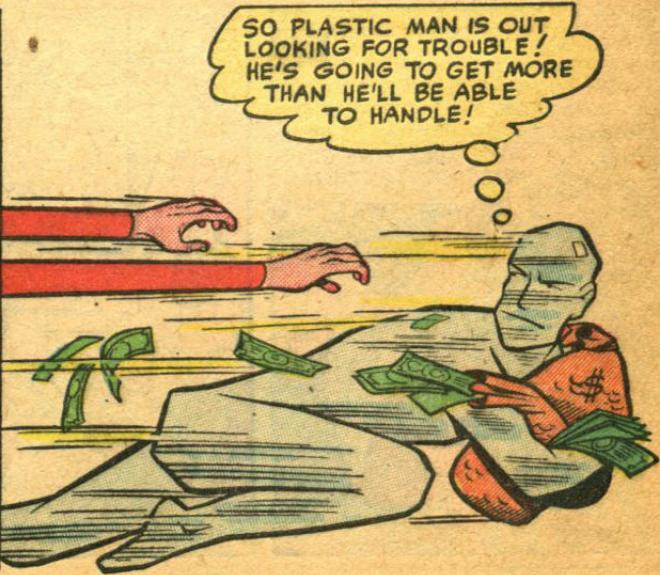
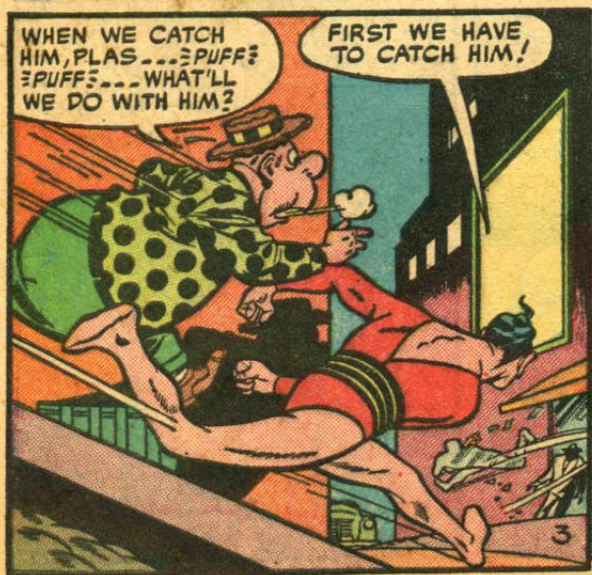
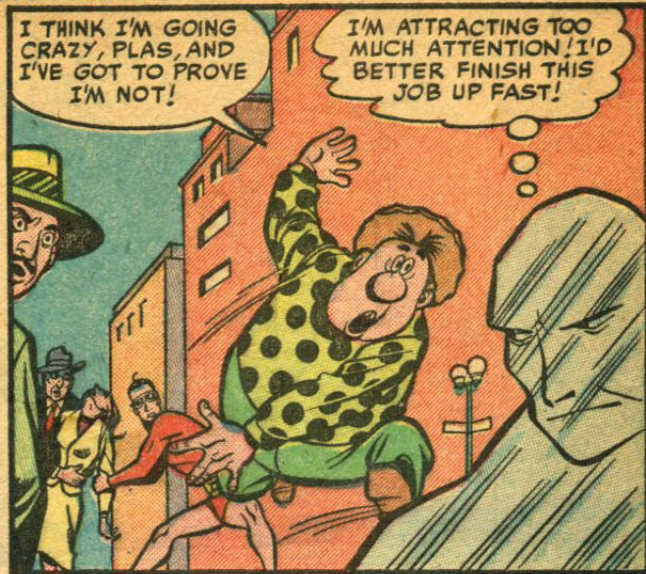
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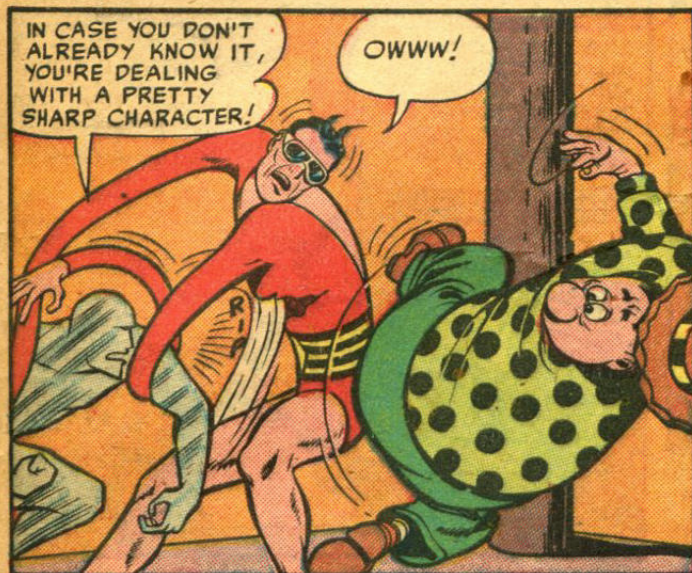
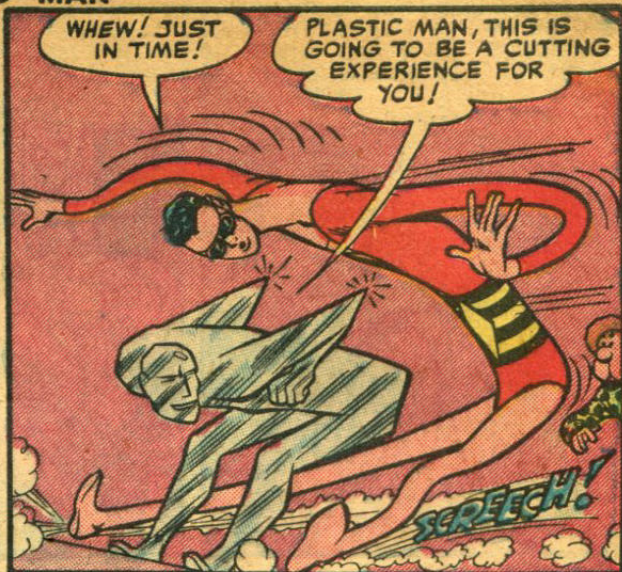
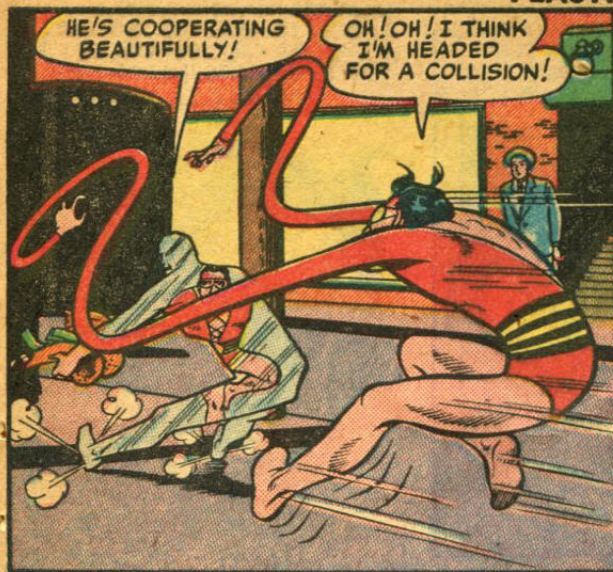
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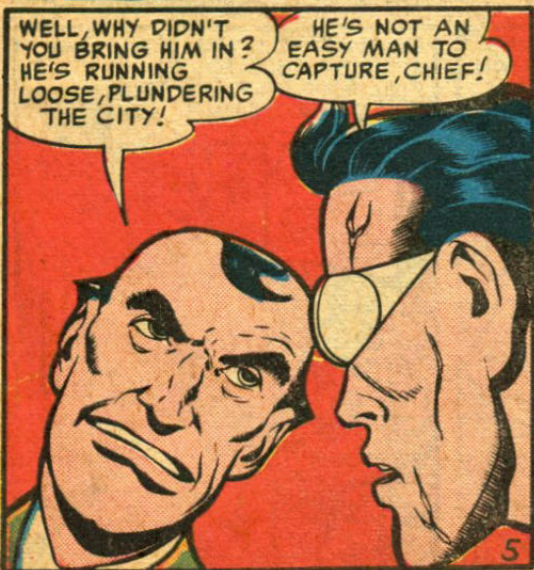
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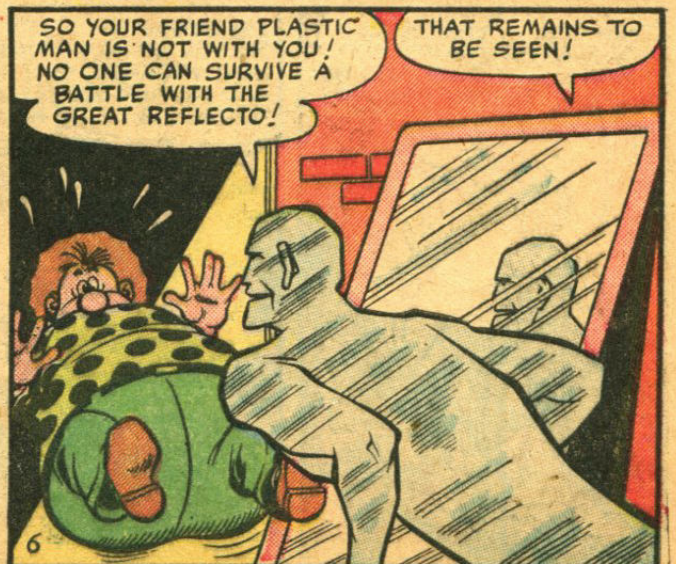
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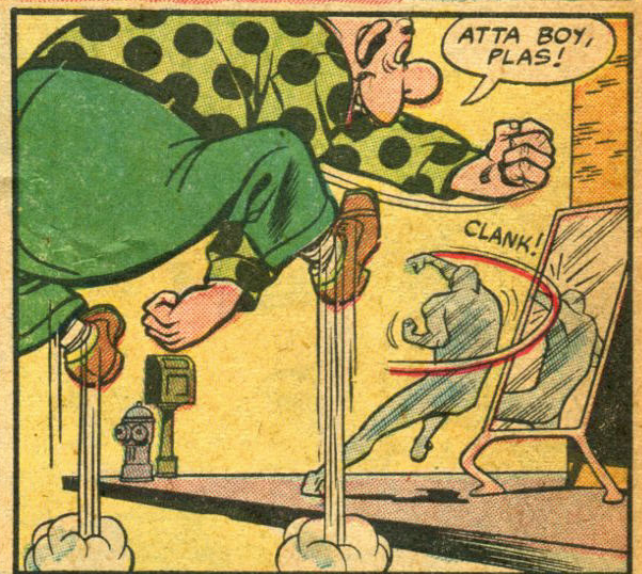
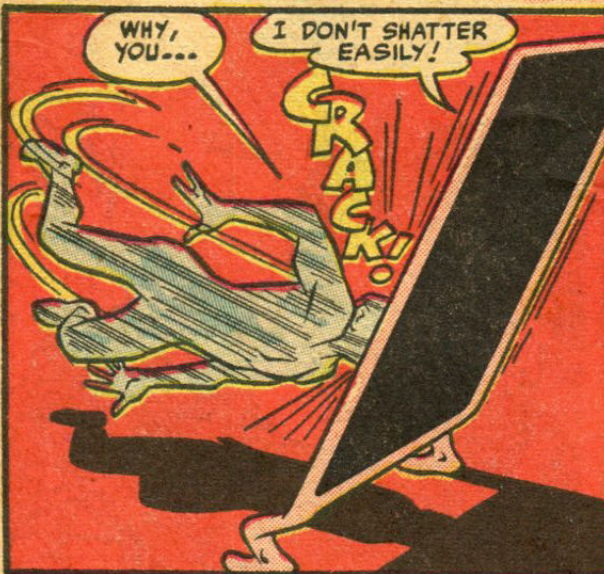
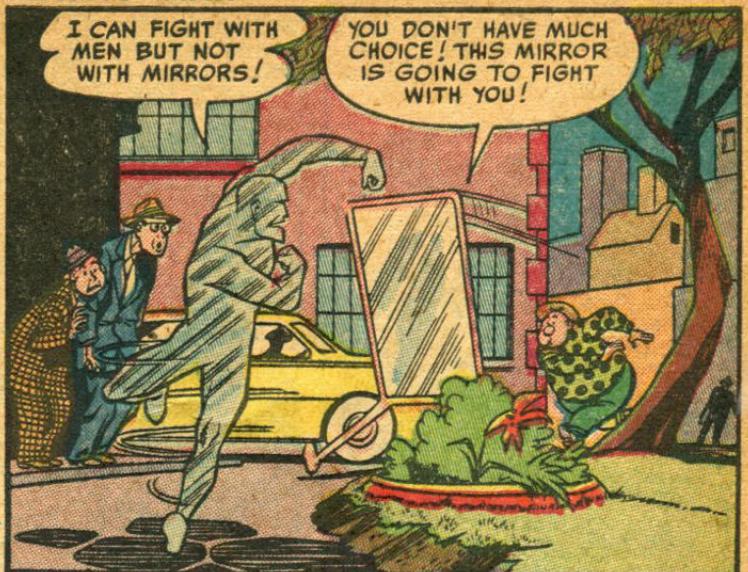
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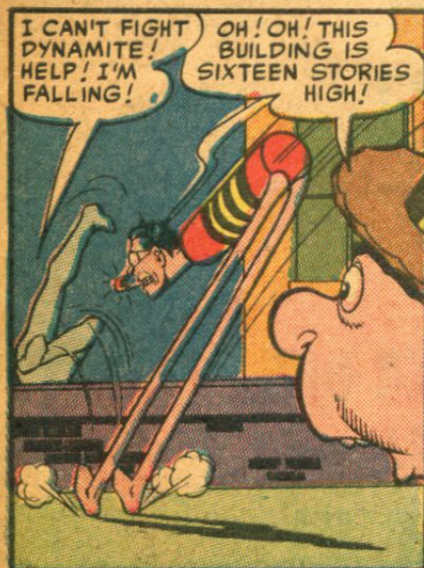
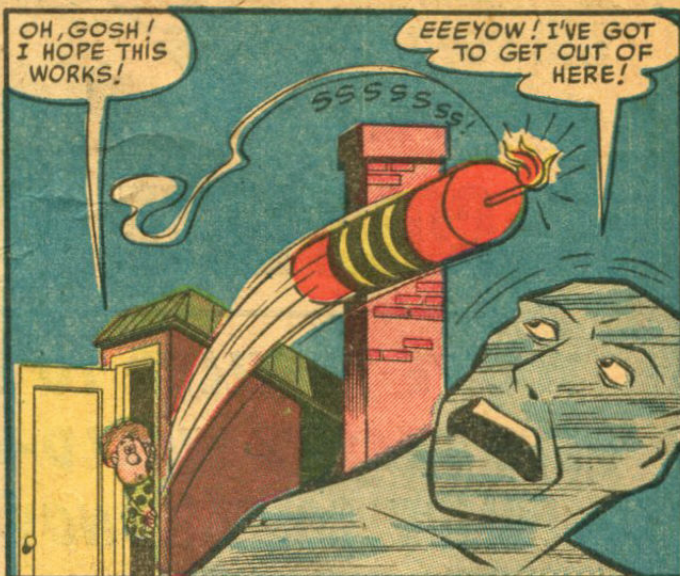
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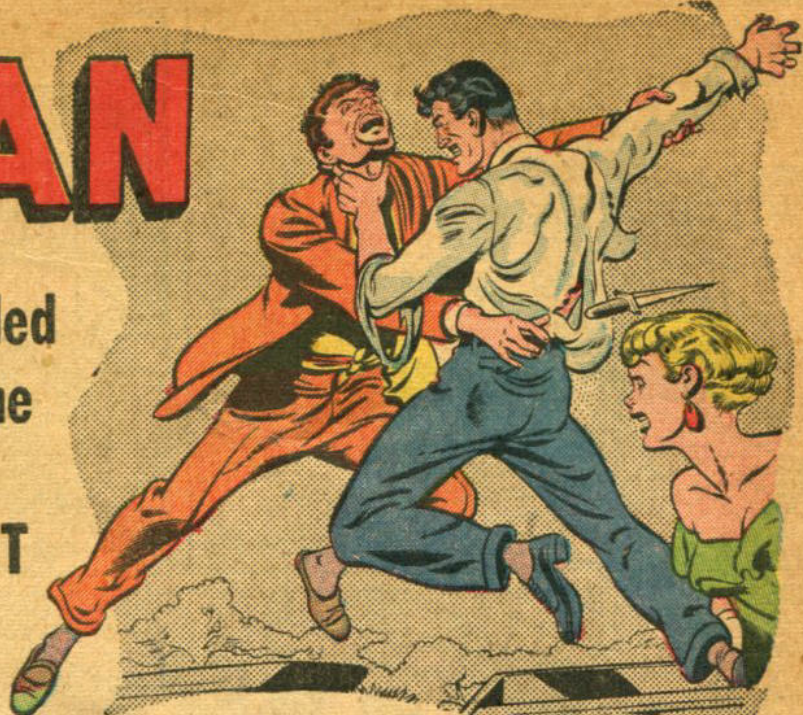


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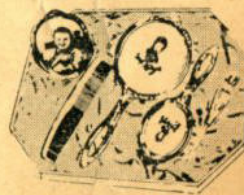


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